The Outlook

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The Cares of a Majority

AS the time drew near for the assembling of Congress the burden of anxiety upon the shoulders of the Republicans increased. They paid in those last few days before the opening of the session, as they will pay throughout the session, the price of supremacy. Their worries are manifold—and multiform. The Democrats, free from the burden of majority responsibility and with comparatively few problems to solve, have been "enjoying the show."

Perhaps the greatest of Republican worries grows out of the question of regularity—who are regular and what shall be done with those who are not? In the Senate this question pertains for the present almost exclusively to Robert M. La Follette, Jr., of Wisconsin. At first it was accepted as a foregone conclusion that he would be left outside the party fold. Then the Republican leaders had a change of heart, and for a time there appeared to be general agreement that La Follette would be accepted without question. Finally, it developed that a number of stalwarts, Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, chief among them, were not reconciled to that course, and the question was still a sore one when the Senate met.

On the House side, where last spring a vote for the elder La Follette was made a flaming brand of party apostasy, the question of regularity was even more troublesome. The radicals were read out of the party in caucus last spring and the decision was reached to deprive them of their positions as Republicans on important committees. The danger of this course became apparent when the Representatives began assembling in Washington for the new Congress, and half a dozen plans for avoiding it were made and abandoned.

Another organization job which the Republicans had to perform was less dangerous, but, perhaps, even more unpleasant. The conviction of Representative Langley, of Kentucky, for violation of the Prohibition Law has been confirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and Langley has let it be known that he will not appear at this session of Congress.

To return now to the upper chamber, the Republicans of the Senate found La Follette a cause of anxiety, but they found even greater cause for anxiety in another personage—Dawes! Nobody felt competent to predict what the Vice-President will do in his fight for revision of the Senate rules. But, even if they could have been assured that the General would keep quiet, the Senators were not certain of themselves. The Vice-President has "carried the fight to the people" in the States of a number of Senators who will be up for re-election next year. Many of these Senators are provoked, and it is thought likely that they cannot wholly resist the impulse to "haze" the Vice-President.

International

Nicholas Longworth, elected Speaker of the House

There is no hope of a revision of the rules at this session—at least not in a manner to eliminate filibustering. But the Vice-President has the support of Senator Underwood, one of the most commanding figures on the Democratic side, and of Senator Curtis, the Republican floor leader. With their help he can make the fight uncomfortable for the ponderous majority.

The Air Board Reports

THE President, as a harmonizer of his own boards of inquiry, has made a "batting average of 500." He succeeded in securing a unified report from the Air Board. He failed completely, after long-continued efforts, to secure anything like harmony among the members of the Muscle Shoals Commission, which submitted two reports as divergent as two reports could be, one signed by three and the other by two members of the Commission. The two reports of the Commission were withheld from the public for sixteen days, and the report of the Air Board apparently for almost as long for the purpose of inclusion of essential recommendations in the President's Message.

The recommendations of the Air Board show a gratifying breadth of comprehension of the real problems involved and a genius for arriving at solutions. The task of the Board, as was pointed out by The Outlook's staff correspondent at Washington when the hearings were concluded, was to piece together innumerable bits of opinion and half-fact into a homogeneous plan. This task was accomplished more completely than could reasonably have been expected. And, queerly enough, the result seems to be fairly satisfactory to almost everybody directly concerned. Army and Navy, apparently, are not only reconciled to, but positively pleased with the suggestions of change. These changes, moderate though they are, appear to be fairly satisfactory to the fliers themselves and to have dispelled already much of the discontent so long evident in that branch of the defensive service. Even the Mitchellites, though not positively pleased, realize that they gained something of what they have contended for.

Here is testimony to the efficacy of investigation properly made. At the beginning of the hearings the flying force, made up mostly of young men, was in a mood to demand everything and to ac-

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cept nothing short of the full total of their demands. Army and Navy boards, composed for the most part of men well along in middle age, were determined to concede nothing. But the one group has modified its demands for change and the other its insistence upon immobility. The investigations of the Board brought this about, mainly without realization on the part of those whose minds were modified that there had been any change in their attitude. Even the Mitchell court-martial proceedings, disorderly and inflammatory as they have been, have helped along with the process.

Divided as they were in opinion at the start, the members of the Air Board, by mutual accommodation, reached a unanimous conclusion.

Little Comfort for Mitchell

THE Board completely condemns the Mitchell program in its main feature—the establishment of a Department of Aviation co-ordinate with the Departments of War and Navy. It completely condemns also the alternative proposal of a unified Department of Defense with War, Navy, and Aviation as co-ordinate branches. It pooh-poohs the Mitchell bugaboo that any other country could effectively attack the United States from the air. It disposes peremptorily of that fine phrase, "flaming coffins." It finds that aviators have not been forced to fly under unnecessarily dangerous conditions. It gives no comfort to the sensational side of Mitchellism. But in its constructive proposals some of those who have supported Mitchell as a crusader will find substantial recognition of the rightfulness of their claims.

If the recommendations of the Board are embodied in legislation, or even in regulation, the causes of discontent on the part of fliers will be in the main removed. There would be an Assistant Secretary of War and an Assistant Secretary of the Navy and an Assistant Secretary of Commerce charged solely with duties pertaining to aviation. The Air Service would become the Air Corps and would have a larger measure of independence.

An air section, headed by a General Staff officer detailed from the Air Corps, would be established in each of the five divisions of the General Staff of the Army. There would be two or more flying brigadier-generals, one to be in charge of procurement and another of training schools. Rank commensurate with command would be provided during the present shortage of field officers in the Air Service. Flying pay would be recognized as "permanent in time of peace" and arrangements would be made for insurance for fliers. There would be a special aviation medal and ribbon for unusual heroism either in war or peace.

On the Navy side officers specializing for long periods in aviation would not jeopardize their chance of promotion. Officers of the grade of captain, commander, and lieutenant-commander would be carried as extra numbers. Naval aviation would be represented in the office of the Chief of Operations and in the Bureau of Navigation. Any junior officer, when detailed to aviation duty for which a higher rank is proper, would be given temporarily the rank of captain, commander, or lieutenant-commander. Preference would be given Navy aviators for command of aircraft carriers and for other duties concerning aviation. In short, practically all of the points of friction would be sand-papered out.

Possibly of less interest, but certainly of more large-scale importance, is the portion of the report dealing with civil aviation. A Bureau of Civil Aeronautics would be established in the Department of Commerce. Provision would be made for active and persistent Government research in the field of aeronautic science. Expenditures would be made for the development of airways, fields, and other aids to commercial flying, and regulations would be made for co-operative-production effort between the Government and aircraft manufacturers.

A bill embodying the recommendations of the Board will be introduced by Senator Bingham and in the House by Chairman Parker of the Commerce Committee. But, despite the emphatic manner in which the Board condemned the proposal for a unified Air Service, there will be no lack of bills with that as their object. Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, Democratic leader, has announced that he favors the unification plan. This announcement, however, is not to be taken as an indication of anything like united Democratic support. The bill for creation of a unified Department of National Defense will be introduced in the House by a Republican, Representative Curry, of California. Party lines, it appears, will be practically obliterated so far as this issue is concerned. If reason prevails, these bills will not be allowed to obstruct the enactment of the greatly needed legislation embodying the Air Board's recommendations.

Still Bickering Over Muscle Shoals

THE Muscle Shoals Commission, which began its investigation in the latter days of March, developed conflicts of conviction that could not be reconciled. It is now evident, since he included recommendations from both in his Message, that the President in his efforts to reconcile them partially agreed with both.

The majority of the Commission recommended to the President that the Muscle Shoals plants be used in time of peace primarily for the purpose of fertilizer production, and only incidentally for the production of power to be sold to industrial users. The minority recommended the use of the plants primarily for the production of power, to be sold to consumers, and only incidentally and in a limited way for the production of fertilizer. It may be said that the majority submitted a report favorable to agriculture and the minority a report favorable to industry.

The majority would lease the property under suitable restrictions. But, doubting the possibility of finding the right kind of men to assume the lease, it recommends—reluctantly, by its own statement—Government operation. It holds that Muscle Shoals is a necessary part of the equipment for National defense, the ownership of which should not be permitted to pass into private hands.

The minority favors the sale of the property under certain conditions. Until a sale is effected, it recommends operation under private lease for the production of electric current, to be sold to industrial plants. It would, however, set aside certain units which might be operated for the production of fertilizers. The two members who signed the minority report insist that the Muscle Shoals property will serve the purpose of National defense as well under private as under Government ownership.

Both reports, of course, will be considered by Congress in the enactment of a law. The President in his Message concurred with the majority that the property "ought to be developed for the production of nitrates primarily, and incidentally for power purposes." But he

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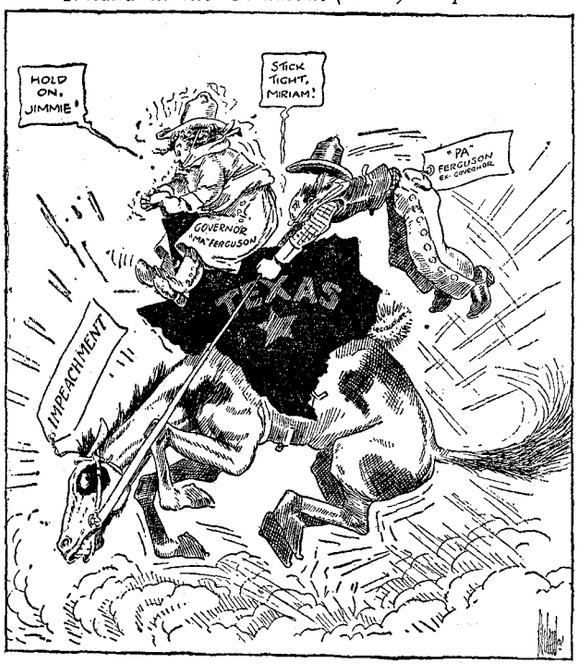
Riders dearly hired

(As You Like It, Act I, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



The Ferguson family horse

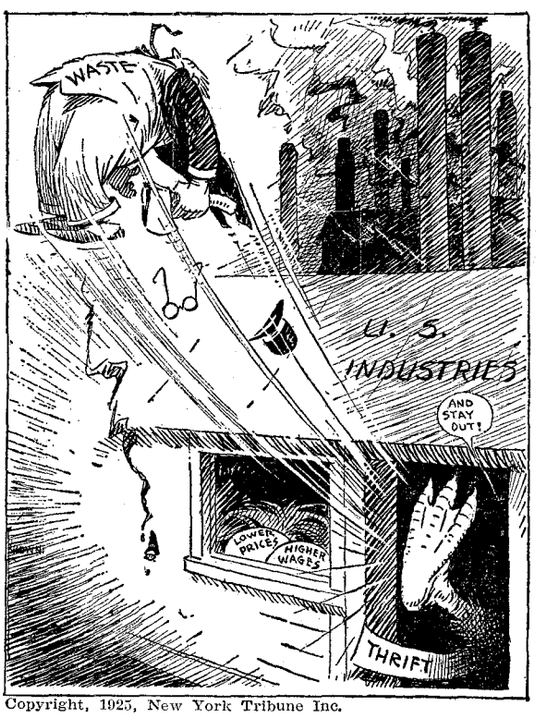
From F. M. Kendall, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark Evening News

Will stick to his knitting

From Mrs. Henry A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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The modern goose that lays golden eggs

From Billie H. Hamilton, Crestwood, N. Y.

Evans in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

French courtesy

From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

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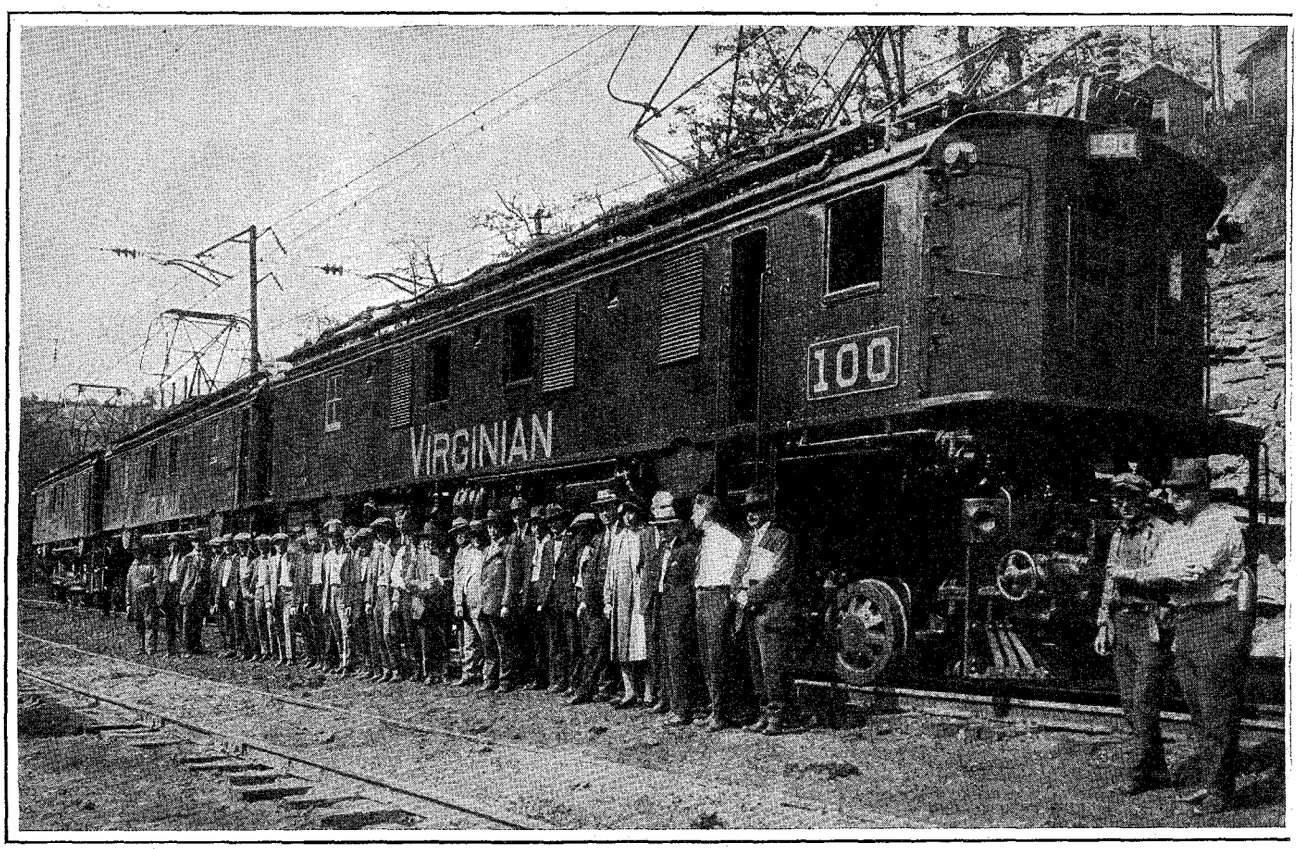

Underwood

A new Westinghouse and American locomotive

agreed with the minority that it would be best to permit the property to pass to private ownership.

Protestants and Catholics in Conference

THERE is much satisfaction in the discovery that the churches of the United States can come to a common mind and formulate common plans for a common task. This discovery is the most important result of the three-day session of the National Study Conference on the Churches and World Peace, recently held in Washington. The Conference represented, officially, about thirty communions of Protestant churches. Several Roman Catholics were present and participated in the meetings as individuals, but did not represent their Church officially. The meeting was the first of its kind and marks an epoch in the history of the churches.

The principal problems of the Conference, studied and discussed by groups and then reported to the plenary session, were the determination of Christian ideals and attitudes in international relations, the determination of what churches are to do in the present situation, and the laying of plans for a Nation-wide campaign of education through the churches in behalf of a warless world.

The general trend of the final findings was toward the "practical" rather than the "pacifist" group. Disagreement between these two factions over the question of whether the Church should condemn all war or only "aggressive" war, so pronounced during the early deliberations, changed to a reconciliation of views at the closing session, with the result that the final declaration committed the Church to oppose "war as a method of settling disputes." The question of the attitude of the Church toward the conscientious objector—was also settled by compromise, the Conference pledging the Church to "recognize" the right of the individual to follow his conscience in the matter of participating in war, rather than to "guard and assert" this right.

Entrance into the League of Nations and the World Court, with necessary reservations, was urged and plans for military expansion on the Pacific coast were declared to be needless and provocative of suspicion and misunderstanding on the part of other nations. The final declaration also stated that the United States should examine its policy known as the Monroe Doctrine and seek, in co-operation with other American peoples, such a restatement of policy as will make it a ground of good will between the United States and Latin America.

The pronouncement calls on the Government to make a "careful review" of the effect of military training and urges that such training and the mobilization or Defense Day exercises be not used as a means of fostering the spirit of war. The proposed mobilization of industry in preparation for war was condemned and the hope was voiced that the United States would co-operate with other nations in further disarmament.

The findings and declarations of the Study Conference have no binding authority of the churches, except as they may be adopted by the various communions. Before adjournment the delegates agreed to reassemble within a few years to review the progress made toward the ultimate goal—the firm establishment of world peace.

A Jazz Concerto

WALTER DAMROSCH has always been to the fore in the matter of presenting interesting musical programs. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should be the first symphonic conductor to experiment in earnest with an attempt to wed jazz to serious music. Under his direction, the New York Symphony Orchestra introduced to delighted audiences on December 3 and 4 a jazz concerto—George Gershwin's Concerto in F for piano and orchestra.

The youthful composer, who also officiated at the piano, has been known

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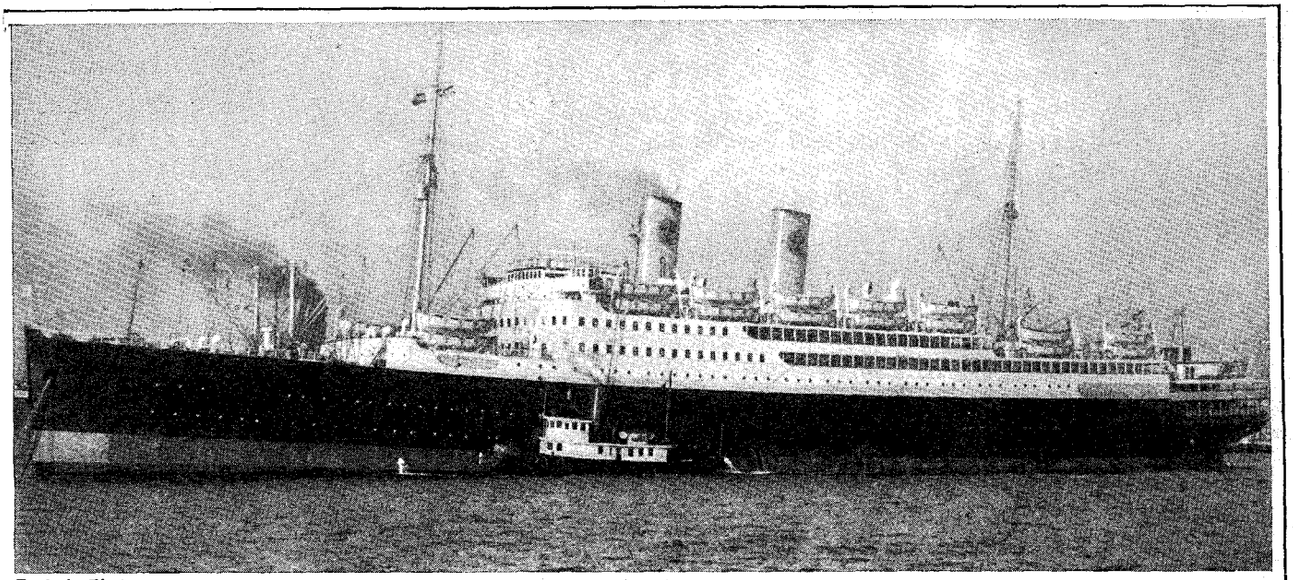

P. & A. Photos

Giants of Modern Transportation

"BOTH by land and by sea" the art of travel and commerce advances. At the left is shown a new electric locomotive of the Virginian Railway. It is built in three sections for ease in turning curves. It weighs 637 tons and has a horse-power rating of 1,725. It is to be used to move coal trains over a heavy grade. Above is shown a picture of the new Swedish-American Diesel liner which recently arrived at the Port of New York. Her tonnage is 16,000 and she is driven by two double-acting six-cylinder Diesel engines with a combined horse-power of 22,000. All the auxiliary machinery on the Gripsholm is electrically driven. She has accommodations for over sixteen hundred people.

chiefly as a writer of popular songs and revues, and of the "Rhapsody in Blue," performed by Paul Whiteman's orchestra more than a year and a half ago. So great was the interest created by the "Rhapsody," Gershwin's first serious venture in jazz, that last spring Mr. Damrosch asked him to compose in the jazz idiom a piece of symphonic music. The Concerto in F is his result.

Its long-awaited performance at Carnegie Hall was received enthusiastically —and with very good cause, for, in spite of obvious shortcomings, the concerto displayed freshness, vitality, and audacious originality. It brimmed to overflowing with ideas, some good and some poor, and with a feverish delight in rhythm.

Yet in the rhythms employed Gershwin's composition is new neither to jazz bands nor to symphony orchestras. Mr. Damrosch very cleverly brought out this fact—and we cannot believe he did it unintentionally. He opened his program with Glazounov's Fifth Symphony, a composition of the nineteenth century; and, although none of the newspaper critics noticed the fact enough to comment on it, its *finale* burst forth with the identical "Charleston" rhythm which features so strongly in the Gershwin concerto.

Gershwin's originality lies in something more than rhythm; it is an originality of language. In combining the vocabulary of serious music with that of the dance-halls he has at times gone outside the vocabulary of both. The result is stimulating. He has, so to speak, landed fish which nobody else had thought were in the stream.

On the other side of the balance must go several serious faults. The concerto is less firmly bound together than might be hoped for. Gershwin might have used the orchestra with greater resourcefulness and effectiveness. His critics were divided in opinion; some thought that he should forget what respectable composers in the past have said in the conventional forms, and express himself; others, that he should forget the vulgarities of his jazz, and write only respectable music. Both sides miss the mark. The only way in which Gershwin can climb to the heights for which he is striving is for him to remember every bit of jazz he ever knew, and at the same time learn all he can from the greatest composers of serious music, and particularly the masters of classical form.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the performance of the Concerto in F was that a young American composer, unlike the vast majority, appeared to have something important to say. Or perhaps it was the even more outstanding fact that native American music was accepted by serious musicians to a further extent than has ever been done before.

Greece Fined

LIKE a bad boy caught doing something he ought not to have done, Greece has been stood in a corner where her fellow-nations can look at her. She has been told that she is responsible for the invasion of Bulgaria and the consequent damage. A special commission of the League of Nations, called to inquire into the incident, has reported to the Council of the League that an indemnity of $146,000 for losses to Bulgarian civilians should be paid by the Greek Government and an additional sum of $73,000 should be paid to the Bulgarian Government for the loss and the wounds of soldiers and for other damages suffered. As this is a minute fraction, about one-tenth of one per cent, of what Bulgaria asked for, it cannot be said that Bulgaria has come out with any flying colors.

Undoubtedly, Greece (which incidentally gets something for the killing of a Greek captain who was advancing under a white flag) will pay the amount of the fine. Nominally and, to a certain extent, actually this outcome is to be credited to the League of Nations. Whether the Powers who are interested in keeping the

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Wide World Photos
President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State

peace in the Balkans could have secured such a decision without the League is a question. But certainly, on the other hand, the League could have done nothing if the Powers who control the affairs of Europe to-day were not agreed in seeing to the maintenance of peace in the Balkans. The real test of the League's power to act independently of the interest of the principal Powers of Europe or any one of them would be in an attempt to fine, let us say, France or Great Britain. Perhaps that test will come, and when it does come those who believe that international promises ought not to be made unless they can and will be kept will hope that the outcome will be as successful as it has been in the case of Greece. The case would not have been so simple if the culprit had not been a weak country recently defeated in war, in which she was encouraged by at least one of the principal Powers of Europe, and now burdened with the task of supporting a vast number of refugees.

A Troublesome Irish Question Settled

ANY English statesman who can satisfy the two bitterly opposed sections of Ireland and at the same time conciliate them must be credited with a fine piece of diplomatic work. This is what Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister and his Government have done in the boundary matter.

The question of the boundary between Ulster and the Free State has been settled by the simple process of dropping it. For the present, and probably for a very long time to come, that boundary will remain as it is. Ulster, of course, never wanted it changed, and held that through her acceptance of the Home Rule amended law of 1920 her territory was secured to her. At the utmost Ulster was willing to consent to some trifling adjustment of boundary-lines that would not involve any large concession by her. The Free State, on the other hand, insisted that it had entered into the Treaty of London with assurances that one result would be the cession to the Free State of a considerable amount of territory which, as the Free State claims, is Catholic in population and desires to belong to the Free State.

The Irish Boundary Commission, formed against the protest of Ulster and her refusal to name a member, made a report which pleased neither party. Professor MacNeill, the Free State member of the Commission, resigned. It became evident that the Commission was useless.

Now Mr. Baldwin settles the dispute by leaving the boundary as it is. Ulster is satisfied because she loses no territory; the Free State is appeased, if not pleased, because the agreement reached between Mr. Baldwin, President Cosgrave of the Free State, and Sir James Craig of Ulster grants, as a sort of compensation to the Free State for not getting what its leaders maintain that Lloyd George promised them, full relief from all claims on the Free State from Great Britain for a share in the payment of the war debt and pensions; on the other hand, the Free State agrees to undertake to compensate those who suffered injury during the recent era of fighting in Ireland.

President Cosgrave seems to be entirely satisfied with this arrangement, and the Free State Parliament is expected to indorse it, although no doubt there will be active opposition. Sir James Craig, the Premier of Northern Ireland, is not only pleased but enthusiastic, and predicts that the action now taken will go a long ways to conciliate all Ireland. He says: "The signatories to the agreement separate with a cordiality which I sincerely trust may result in more friendly relations being permanently maintained among all classes and creeds throughout Ireland. I return to-morrow with nothing but feelings of relief, and rejoice that statesmanship has succeeded in surmounting a grave situation."

Dublin newspapers are almost equally favorable to the statement, and the only violent language that has been used in opposition, so far as we know, is, as might be expected, from Mr. De Valera, who defines the agreement "as a protest against the dismemberment of Ireland" and, as usual, talks about shedding blood to prevent its acceptance.

We fancy that Ireland at large has no

Wide World Photos
Sir James Craig, of Ulster

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desire at present to plunge once more into a civil war such as disgraced its annals when De Valera had more power and influence in that country than he has now.

The "Exoneration" of Fascisti Leaders

THE Matteotti sensation still disturbs the Italian Fascisti, and will continue to do so as long as freedom of the press and expression of personal opinion are repressed. It is not at all probable that Mussolini had any foreknowledge of the crime. On the other hand, it is hardly credible that a Socialist and anti-Fascist was kidnapped or killed by Mussolini's enemies in order to throw blame on the Fascist rule. That is what Mussolini seemed to infer when he said: "Only an enemy of mine who would sit up at night to devise diabolical schemes against me could have carried out this crime, which fills us all with loathing and disgust."

There is no doubt that Matteotti was kidnapped and that he was killed—that he killed himself is believed by no one, and the theory that he was killed while trying to escape his abductors is not supported by evidence and would not greatly lessen their guilt if true. It is equally certain that political rather than personal motives prompted the crime.

Five men accused of being the actual slayers have been held for trial in Rome, and when the trial takes place, probably in the early winter, the case will be a national sensation.

But the Court of Public Prosecutions, which held these men, at the same time exonerated three prominent Fascisti accused of instigating the crime—Cesare Rossi, former chief of the press bureau of the Ministry of the Interior; Giovanni Marinelli, former administrative Secretary-General of the Fascist Party; and Filippo Filippelli, former editor-in-chief of the Fascist newspaper "Roma."

The reasoning of the Court was peculiar from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. It was that, though these five men might have had a hand in plotting the kidnapping, they could not have instigated the actual killing because it was unpremeditated. There is evidence that the leader of the slayers took orders from the three noted Fascisti and that Matteotti was kidnapped in broad daylight in a motor car belonging to Filippelli, but the Court held that these things went to prove that murder was not intended. Nothing seems to have been done as to trying the three prominent Fascisti for plotting the kidnapping. That probably is a trifling offense!

If this is exoneration, the benefit to the Fascisti cause is not excessive.

Spain's Military Dictatorship Ceases

WHILE in Italy the lines of dictatorship have been tightening, Spain has ended its Military Directorate and has declared its intention to set up constitutional government.

One important step has been taken by General Primo de Rivera with the cordial consent of the King. He has appointed

International

The murdered Deputy Matteotti

what is termed a civilian Cabinet, although military representation on it is still strong. General Rivera naturally heads the Ministry. Thus, nominally at least, ends the two years' rule of a military, unconstitutional chief, peaceably accepted by King and people. That Mussolini's example suggested Rivera's coup is generally admitted.

It is announced that this change will soon be followed by the convening of the Cortes, or Parliament, the revival of the suppressed Constitution, the selection of a Ministry on constitutional principles, and generally the resumption of normal government.

Various reasons are assigned for Rivera's course. One is the danger of opposition from hostile military cliques, another that of outbreaks among the Socialists and Communists of industrial sections such as Barcelona and Catalonia. But it is fair to assume that Rivera is honestly desirous of restoring civil liberty and the rights of press and political parties so far as they had existed before he seized the reins. Reports have indicated that his Government has improved conditions in cities and country as regards corruption and bossism; that it has opened many hundreds of schools; and that it has in the party called the Patriotic Union an ally in support of order.

Abroad Spanish affairs are better than they were two years ago. In part Spain in Morocco has retrieved her former military disgrace and is working amicably with France in the Riff War. Morocco was at the bottom of much of the unrest in Spain. There is still much to be feared from the syndicalists, the profiteers, and the industrial radicals who have come to some extent under Russian Bolshevik influence.

Spain usually moves slowly, but the probability is that her retreat from absolutism is sincere and that Rivera is honestly laying aside personal ambition for the national welfare.

What It Cost

THE statistics recently published in England presenting the latest revision of Great Britain's war bill make curiously apposite reading at the present moment. They explain so much. "Out of sight, out of mind," is true of many things, but in no connection is it more true than in regard to the Great War, its costs and its consequences. Unemployment, short time, bad housing, the "Red menace," in England—all are seen in clearer view in the light of these figures. They speak for themselves.

During the four years of the war Great Britain put an army of 6,211,427 men and women in the field, of whom 743,702 were killed and 1,693,262 wounded.

In money the war cost Great Britain $50,000,000,000, and the interest on this sum and the gradual repayment of principal has raised the annual cost of government from $1,000,000,000 in 1914 to $4,000,000,000 in 1925. In 1914 the income-tax payer paid some $220,000,000 to the state. During the current year he will have to pay $1,680,000,000. During the same period the local taxes have risen from $355,000,000 to some $700,000,000.

In addition to these heavy charges, Great Britain is paying the United States $160,000,000 a year off her war debt of $4,250,000,000. She has already paid

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$345,000,000, and this in spite of the fact that the countries which owe her money borrowed during the war have so far repaid her nothing. The total amount due to Great Britain in March last was: Russia, $3,783,525,000; France, $3,101,120,000; Italy, $2,912,550,000; other Allies, $365,535,000. In addition to this Great Britain's Dominions and colonies owe the mother country some $650,000,000.

Unemployment as the result of the war and the subsequent dislocation of world trade had cost Great Britain over $2,000,000,000 in relief up to March, 1923, and the Poor Law relief alone today is costing the country some $200,000,000 a year. Add to these figures the increased cost of living for every home in the land, the shortage of houses which has cost the taxpayer several hundred millions of pounds to meet, and the problems created by the country's dwindling export trade, and the true magnitude and significance of Great Britain's future task and present position will be better appreciated.

The President to the Country

TWICE last week President Coolidge addressed the Nation. His Annual Message was transmitted to Congress on Tuesday, according to the precedent which prevailed from Jefferson's time until Wilson broke it. On the preceding day Mr. Coolidge delivered in person a speech before the delegates at the Convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation at Chicago.

Message and speech alike breathed that spirit of independence and self-reliance which is in the atmosphere of his native Vermont hills, and which he rightly discerns as the incorrigible spirit of the American people in all quarters of this country. Wherever any other spirit is to be found, the spirit of dependence upon the Government or of reliance upon some outside aid, it may be ascribed to foreign influence or to circumstances of exceptional depression. It is for that reason that President Coolidge has, to the surprise of the unobservant and the sophisticated, won the confidence of the country and has repeatedly elicited a response of approval from all sorts and conditions of his fellow-countrymen.

It is the opening part of his Message that sets the tone for the rest of it. These sentences from the opening paragraphs are as distinctly American as a jazz rhythm or a cowboy or a New England meeting-house:

> The age of perfection is still in the somewhat distant future, but it is more in danger of being retarded by mistaken Government activity than it is from lack of legislation. . . .
>
> In our country the people are sovereign and independent, and must accept the resulting responsibilities: It is their duty to support themselves and support the Government. That is the business of the Nation, whatever the charity of the Nation may require. . . . Local self-government is one of our most precious possessions. . . . It ought not to abdicate its power through weakness or resign its authority through favor. It does not at all follow that because abuses exist it is the concern of the Federal Government to attempt their reform.
>
> Society is in much more danger from encumbering the National Government beyond its wisdom to comprehend, or its ability to administer, than from leaving the local communities to bear their own burdens and remedy their own evils.

When, therefore, the President takes up the question of taxation, he naturally approaches it from the point of view of one who places the burden of proof upon the taxing power. "The wealth of our country," he says, "is not public wealth, but private wealth. It does not belong to the Government, it belongs to the people. The Government has no justification in taking private property except for public purposes. . . . The power over the purse is the power over liberty." He regards the $820,000,000 which the people are paying in interest on their debt as a heavy charge, and to get rid of that interest charge by getting rid of that debt itself without delay is, he says, in accordance with the policy of this country from the time of the Revolutionary War on. He points out also that it will be easier to pay this debt now than it will be later, when the purchasing power of the dollar increases.

His recommendation to Congress that it exercise its authority over appropriations by maintaining the budget system is one which the demagogues will not heed, but the majority of Congress, we are sure, will.

Most of what he says about taxation is in the nature of well-deserved praise to the non-partisan, intelligent, and prompt action of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in framing the new Tax Bill.

The President has little to add to what he has already said at other times about our foreign relations. He expresses the opinion that the next step toward a reduction of armaments should be the reduction of armies rather than of navies, and that is a peculiarly European question. He declares definitely as to the questions raised in the Chinese Customs Conference and the Commission on Extra-territoriality that "it would be our policy so far as possible to meet the aspirations of China in all ways consistent with the interests of the countries involved."

The country, as a whole, we believe, will heartily approve what the President says in favor of our adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice. As he points out, "a well-established line of precedents mark America's effort to effect the establishment of a court of this nature." He outlines again the reservations which are known now generally as the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations. The judges, he points out, are acting as instruments, not of the League, but of the international statute that created them. He meets the objections which have been raised to the Court, and meets them fairly and in clear and simple language. He points out that there is no political entanglement involved in our joining the Court, that we do not propose to subject ourselves to compulsory jurisdiction, and that we will be just as free after we have joined it as we are now. And the following sentences might well be kept in mind by those who are going to discuss the question as it comes up before the Senate on the date of this issue of The Outlook. They are not only compatible with that spirit of independence which the President embodies, but are a fine illustration of it:

> If we are going to support any court, it will not be one that we have set up alone or which reflects only our ideals. Other nations have their customs and their institutions, their thoughts and their methods of life. If a court is going to be international, its composition will have to yield to what is good in all these various elements. Neither will it be possible to support a court which is exactly perfect, or under which we assume absolutely no obligations. If we are seeking that opportunity, we might as well declare that we are opposed to supporting any court. If any agreement is made, it

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will be because it undertakes to set up a tribunal which can do some of the things that other nations wish to have done. We shall not find ourselves bearing a disproportionate share of the world's burdens by our adherence, and we may as well remember that there is absolutely no escape for our country from bearing its share of the world's burdens in any case. We shall do far better service to ourselves and to others if we admit this and discharge our duties voluntarily, than if we deny it and are forced to meet the same obligations unwillingly.

What he recommends as to National defense is largely covered in the recommendations of the President's Air Board, which we outline elsewhere in this issue, and what he says about agriculture he had already discussed more fully in his speech to the Convention at Chicago, and to that we shall recur later.

As to Muscle Shoals, to which we refer in connection with the report of the Muscle Shoals Commission, the President expresses what is virtually impatience at the squandering of time in discussion. He says that it has been discussed for months and years, and yet the whole market value of Muscle Shoals does not "represent much more than a first-class battleship." If Congress disposes of this property by sale, as the President recommends, it will be because the patience of the country has been worn out by the extremists who have been urging the Government to go into the business of supplying power to the cities and nitrates to the farms. In our judgment, the disposal by proper lease under Governmental regulation would afford a great opportunity for proper Governmental experimentation. But it will not be done unless men of divergent opinions become reasonable on the matter. We hope that Congress will dispose of this matter in a way to serve as a model for the proper control of our water-power resources.

As to coal, he definitely recommends Congress to lodge with the President and the Departments of Commerce and Labor authority to deal with an emergency. Congress has neglected the coal report. We hope that the President's words will remind them of their duty in this matter. As the President says, the coal situation is "very close to a National economic failure."

In dealing with prohibition he specially requests "of the people observance, of the public officers continuing efforts for enforcement, and of the Congress favorable action on the Budget recommendation for the prosecution of this work."

In waterway development he refers particularly to the Colorado River project, of which we hope to say more in the future. He recommends a consideration of the question whether the Nation is not spending too much money on Alaska and whether more authority should not be given to the Governor of the Philippines.

In his speech at Chicago he aroused a real enthusiasm in his audience by his tribute to the farmers. As he said, "agriculture has become a profession." He pointed out the distinction between the landowner in the Old World and the landowner in the New. In the Old World the soil was owned by those who had received it as a gift from the crown and those who worked on the soil were virtually in servitude, and the tradition of working on the land in Europe is bound up with these facts. On the other hand, America, as the President says, "never fully came under this blighting influence." From the first those who cultivated the soil owned it and they were the men who established this Nation, and upon these facts rests American tradition. For those reasons American farmers "prefer the sound policy of maintaining their freedom and their own initiative as individuals, or to limit them only as they voluntarily form group associations. They do not wish to put Government into the farming business." And he said later in his address: "To have agriculture worth anything it must rest on an independent business basis. It cannot at the same time be part private business and part Government business."

The President outlined an agricultural policy that is fully in accord with these principles. It is a policy opposed to Governmental price fixing or anything that will lead to it, and in favor of measures to encourage co-operation among farmers for the progress of their business.

And he ends this speech with a note with which he begins his Message, for he finds that spirit of independence especially strong among those who farm the land. The life of the farmer, he says, is the life that this Nation has been "so solicitous to maintain and improve. . . . It has been the life of freedom and independence, of religious convictions, and of abiding character. In its past it has made and saved America and helped rescue the world. In its future it holds a supreme promise of human progress."

The Comity of the Northwest

AS this issue of The Outlook goes to press there is gathered in Seattle a conference called by the President of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce looking towards the union of all the cities on the Pacific coast in a publicity campaign, a legitimate effort to inform the rest of the United States of the beauties and attractions that border upon the Pacific. This is an extension of an idea which the cities of the Northwest have supported under the title of the Evergreen Playground Campaign. In the Northwest have been associated the American cities Bellingham, Tacoma, Seattle, and the British Columbian cities Victoria and Vancouver. All of which can be taken as evidence that the friction made manifest by George Marvin's article on Seattle is as needless as it is hurtful to the best interests, not only of the Northwest, but of the whole country.

That the existence of this friction is recognized in the Northwest, that it is not merely a figment of Eastern imagination, is indicated by an editorial which appeared a few months ago in a weekly journal published in Seattle. The "Business Chronicle of the Pacific Northwest," in urging Seattle to withdraw its opposition to changing the name of Mount Rainier to Mount Tacoma, said, frankly:

> Seattle has more to gain than to lose by "keeping peace in the family."
>
> Let us have unity of purpose, let us not waste our strength in silly squabbling that gets us nowhere beyond an emergency search for arnica and court-plaster. If unity of purpose, the pull-together spirit so sadly lacking, is to be had by giving in to Tacoma in a matter that she considers vital and which cannot in the least injure Seattle, why not let Tacoma have what she wants?
>
> Seattle has in this matter an opportunity to show the world how big she is in mental caliber, how broad in outlook, how great in character.
>
> Seattle will never have a better chance to wipe out in some degree the unfortunate antipathy which exists throughout the Pacific Northwest by reason of what the smaller communities regard as her dog-in-the-manger attitude. This feeling may be right, or it may be wrong; but it is there—and greatly to the disadvantage of Seattle business men.

On November 25 the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" stated the case for Seattle with most admirable restraint and good

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feeling. It is a very different utterance from that which we recently quoted from the Seattle "Times." We believe that the real spirit of the citizens of Seattle is more clearly found in this editorial than in anything else which has come to us. The editorial is as follows:

A representative of an Eastern periodical seems to have found cause for criticism of Seattle's usual and ordinary spirit in that he thinks the community is too material, too commercial, and that, in short, the world and the flesh enter too much into the Seattle equation.

On the theory of P. T. Barnum that any kind of publicity is good publicity, the Seattle criticism is good. And if it calls attention to any real defects it is also good as pointing toward beneficent reform. However, the fault of materialism is a broad one, spread over this United States like a blanket; and the newer the district, the more chances there are for material gains, the more potent is this spirit of making hay while the sun shines. In all parts of this growing West are virile communities tuned up to the last minute for intensive activities toward growth and expansion.

The Western community that goes ahead more rapidly than competitors is always a mark for criticism by its rivals. From this cause there has arisen a grand chorus of Seattle "knocking." Seattle newspapers, in the main, have been most tolerant of this, and have usually retaliated with silence, and with heaping "coals of fire" in helpful co-operation in rival community enterprises.

Seattle knows there is nothing in the "knocking" game; that it is time lost that might be better devoted to constructive matters. A city builded upon a "grudge" never becomes a real city. Life is short, and man's durability is limited; hence, don't waste energy in trivialities, but get at the constructive job in hand and finish it. In that way cities are built. This has been Seattle's atttiude. Perhaps it is too material, but look at the skyscrapers punching the ethereal and the 400,000 people clustered about them.

Seattle has never profited by deliberately "shading" a rival city. Such "shading" as has been done has been entirely incidental to growth. We take pride in the progress and expansion of this whole Western coast and Northwest districts. They are one with us in sharing the common prosperity.

We are all climbing the hill of accomplishment together. The helping hand is the thing for all of us.

The neighborhood conference on the state of the Northwest which The Outlook suggested in its issue of December 2 can most profitably be organized in the spirit in which the foregoing editorial was written. Tolerance begets tolerance, friendship begets friendship. The conference which we suggested could bring into the open all the various co-operative activities (many of them born in Seattle) for which, perhaps, due recognition has not been given. Even without such a conference editorial writers throughout the Northwest could do much if they adopted in the discussion of their neighbors' affairs the tone used by the "Post-Intelligencer" in the editorial which we have just quoted. No journal should be asked to suppress criticisms when the cause for such criticisms has been investigated and found just. The dissemination of idle rumors and unsupported charges is no help in bringing to the Northwest the destiny which nature has assigned to her and which her thoroughly American population deserves.

Cut the Cackle

THE courts and the processes of law have not increased in public esteem during the hearing of the Rhinelander annulment suit, which ended recently at White Plains. Perhaps there was some good legal reason for its length; perhaps there was justification for reading in court love letters, sometimes silly, sometimes rather pathetic, sometimes merely tedious—letters, in fact, probably not unlike those written by the judges, lawyers, jury, and other men and women in court when they were in their salad days and green in judgment. Other letters were read which could not be printed. There may have been excuse for this. There may have been a reason for dragging into the public record an ancient scandal about an elderly woman, mother of one of the parties to the suit. Such reason has not been apparent, and the incident disgusted most of those who read of it in the papers.

But what is the reason, and what is the excuse for long-drawn-out speeches by counsel, full of flapdoodle and bogus "eloquence"? Why must a lawyer be permitted to bore the jury and waste time by orations, lasting all day, in which everything is referred to in heaven and on earth? Are Americans so devoted to cheap rhetoric that a suit of this kind cannot be tried without permitting counsel to soar away into the realms of hot air, and to talk about Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln; about the Fathers of the Constitution; about home, sweet home, and the dear old flag; about mother's grave; about the pine-clad hills of Maine and the regions where rolls the Oregon; about the starry firmament on high; and about the humble cot where nestles the something-or-other under the sacred what-you-may-call-it?

We think we are a businesslike people; we love to extol efficiency, and still this flood of meaningless oratory flows unchecked in Congress and in the courts. Preachers long ago learned not to be so windy; their congregations would walk out on them if they tried it. When will judges be given power to say to the lawyers: "Cut the cackle, and come to the 'osses"?

Football Under Fire

BEFORE the football stars of this year were born a crusade against the American game of football was in full swing. It gathered recruits by descriptions of the horrors of encounters on the field, and by statistics of consequent injuries and deaths. It reached such a momentum that finally the game was abolished in several schools and colleges, notably Columbia University. This year the statistics of injuries and deaths have appeared, and they show, according to an article in the New York "Times," a casualty list "longer than that of any other season." In playing the game during the football season just ended twenty boys and young men have been killed. Is there any outcry against the brutality of the game in 1925? We have not heard it. One fact alone is enough to account for the subsidence of all opposition to football. That fact is the present enormous popularity of the game.

To-day football, particularly intercollegiate football, has become a great public spectacle. It is to America what the bull-fight has been to Spain and what throwing Christians to the lions used to be in old Rome. It bears about the same relation to the pastime that went by that name in the eighteen seventies that a Christian encountering a lion in the arena bore to a child playing with a kitten on the lawn. The men who play in the important games of a season are performers under the direction of rival showmen who put on their shows for the delectation of multitudes. The enjoyment of the participants has no weight whatever with either the showman or the

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spectators. In an article in the "Independent" a few weeks ago George Owen, one of the best-known football players Harvard, or for that matter any college, ever had, declared that he disliked the game. Many a player would be willing to testify that he was glad when the season was over. Why do the college men play it, then? For several reasons. One is the pressure of public opinion. Another is the reward in fame and praise, and in some instances prospect for later employment at a good income. But the principal reason undoubtedly is the moral pressure that comes from those who demand a game with thrills.

That the modern game of football has thrills cannot be doubted. The old game was grueling, and to those who knew it well had an intensity of interest that the modern game lacks, but to the multitude it was dull. So it had to go when the multitude called it brutal. But with the forward pass came spectacular features which introduced luck and all the thrills that luck brings. So the multitude has flocked to the game, bought its tickets, and demanded its money's worth.

Against this development of the game Harvard undergraduates are protesting. A well-known sports writer, W. O. McGeehan, of the New York "Herald Tribune," has intimated that Harvard undergraduates had no business to express their views on the subject, because their team was beaten. That very remark illustrates to what extent football has become a show in the interest of the ticket-buying public and the sports writers. Representatives of the undergraduates of twenty-seven colleges recently met in Middletown, Connecticut, and voiced the same kind of protest. Fortunately, in the Associated Press despatch the names of the twenty-seven colleges are not mentioned, so we do not know whether they were all beaten or not; but we may assume that some of them at least won their games, or at least enough of them to entitle them, even in Mr. McGeehan's judgment, to an opinion on the subject. These undergraduates would limit the number of games each college team could play in any one season to four. The Harvard "Crimson," the undergraduate daily of Harvard University, which, according to Mr. McGeehan, is not entitled to an opinion, would limit the games to three. The ten colleges in the Intercollegiate Conference, consisting of the Universities of Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, and Wisconsin, the largest intercollegiate athletic league in the country, have limited their games to eight each during a season, and have made other rules that restrict the game somewhat as a public spectacle. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, which represent the oldest intercollegiate tradition in the country, have similarly limited the game. There is an actual tendency to welcome professional football as a means of relieving the colleges from the public pressure that has changed football from a sport to a show.

Perhaps those cynically inclined would say that the surest way to cure football of being a spectacle would be to make it dull, and the surest way to make it dull would be to abolish the forward pass. There might be worse remedies tried. With the forward pass would go an element of luck that often snatches an earned reward from strategy and skill. Besides now football is dull for the players though fun for the spectators. It would indeed be revolutionary to make the game dull for the spectators even though fun for the players. But the real reform is more likely to come from such undergraduates as those at Middletown, who recommended reducing the number of games played and therefore reducing the unwholesome publicity and the overattention to the game, keeping the pay of coaches down to that of professors, and banishing coaches from the side-lines, so that "undergraduates would be playing undergraduates, and not coaches against coaches." It seems reasonable that football should cease to be a game by undergraduates for the public and become a game by undergraduates for undergraduates.

Those College Boards Again

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

JUDGING from the numerous letters I have received, I infer that an article, entitled "Those College Boards," which I contributed to these columns three or four weeks ago has aroused some interest among teachers. My object was to help, not hinder, the progress of liberal education. By liberal education I mean that kind of training and instruction which gives the pupil a familiarity with and an interest in the best that has been said and thought in the world, to use Matthew Arnold's unsurpassed definition of intellectual good breeding.

The failures of American education in this respect are apparent to every thoughtful observer. Bankers, brokers, merchants, and manufacturers complain that when they try to employ graduates of our high schools, and even of our colleges, they have difficulty in finding young men and women who can write, spell, and speak their own language correctly. A recent critic—I think it was Mr. Paul Elmer More—complained that a hybrid language, which he calls Englistic, is driving the English language out of America, much as the debased Hellenistic culture of modern Greece has overwhelmed the true Hellenic literature and art of the ancients.

I attacked the college board examinations, not because they are bad in themselves, but because they seem to me to typify the mechanical standardization of American education. We seem to judge our school pupils and our college students by their "rank," "grade," "marks," "I. Q.'s" and all the rest of it, instead of by their ability to create for themselves original ideas and opinions of literature and life. Even our newspaper cartoonists make fun of the atrophy of originality in American life. The other day in a Chicago newspaper a cartoon depicted a New Yorker standing on a street corner and saying to a newsboy who was offering him a morning paper: "Ain't yer got no pitcha papers? I gave up readin' a year ago." Now I will not go so far as to say that the standard of culture in Chicago is so high as to entitle it to claim leadership in educational reform, but I do think this Chicago cartoonist should be credited with a palpable hit. In passing it should be recorded that the epidemic of "pitcha papers" from which we are suffering in New York is due to an infection supplied by Chicago. Every daily-newspaper man who reads these lines will know what I mean.

But to return to the college boards. Of the letters I have received three are more or less defensive. One comes from Smith College. A correspondent from that admirable institution says that Latin and Greek are so taught at Smith that, "whereas at one time there were about three or four students who elected

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courses above the freshman requirement in Latin or Greek, there are now perhaps twenty or more who continue these courses each year." This does not strike me as being an impregnable defense against my onslaught. To use the statistical method, which is such a favorite in our colleges, it may, of course, be said that Smith, in increasing its classical students from four to twenty, has made a gain of four hundred per cent. But twenty students who are interested in the classics *as literature* in an institution which has two or three thousand undergraduates is not actually a very large number. However, I will endeavor to be as lenient with Smith as Jehovah was with Sodom. When Abraham was arguing with Jehovah in defense of Sodom, part of their conversation was as follows: "And Abraham said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And the Lord said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake."

Dr. Jane Gray Carter, Associate Professor of Greek and Latin in Hunter College, of New York City, gives me a most interesting account of what they are doing at Hunter to show the actual relation of Greek to modern English. I rather think that this excellent work is being done, not because of the college boards, but in spite of them.

The most serious criticism of my article, however, comes from the head of one of the oldest and finest academies of literary education in this country, a New Jersey institution. His defense of the college board system of education deserves the most respectful consideration, for he speaks with the authority of the best kind of culture as well as of official position. He gives an impressive list of the educators who are associated with the college board and defends that organization on three grounds: It "has proved a most effective instrument in securing co-operative action of colleges, schools, and individuals;" it "is performing a most valuable service to American education in proclaiming and maintaining standards of attainment in the work of our secondary schools and standards of admission for our colleges;" and "it is constantly studying its own work and is ready to make changes as rapidly as these are proved to be desirable." I will not argue with him, for he knows far more about education than I can ever hope to know, but I will simply quote four letters from educators who take the other side. The first comes from a supervising principal in Pennsylvania:

> I have read your article "Those College Boards," in the November 11 issue of The Outlook, and I am indeed glad to know that I am not alone in my attitude toward college board examinations. A recent experience has confirmed a previous feeling that many pupils attending cramming or tutoring schools can pass the college board examinations and apparently make a good showing, while students attending public high schools which stress the fundamentals rather than the college board examinations do not make the same showing and are frequently discouraged by the ridiculously low grades received.
>
> I want to thank you for what you have done for the secondary schools, whose mission is to do the best for the majority, and not prepare a minority for a very arbitrary test under very arbitrary conditions.

The second letter comes from a head master in New Haven, Connecticut, and I ask the reader to note that he emphasizes, like the correspondents who precede and follow him, the smothering effect of standardized examinations.

> I want to thank you for your article upon college board examinations. Once in a while a father has a son or daughter who is trying to get into college, and then he becomes aware of the examinations. We, who have been teaching for years, have the things with us day and night. . . . Our college people have fallen in line, as the new scheme relieves them of a lot of correcting of papers at a busy time of year. . . . The whole thing is almost a crime. You don't know, but I can tell you of high-grade schools that have fallen off greatly in a decade. And the reason is that the fine old school spirit has gone and the boys are now driven on by that accursed thing—*the fear of failure*. Boys won't amount to much if that sort of principle is drilled into them from day to day.

Of the two following letters, one is from a high school principal in West Virginia and the other from a master in a Nationally known school in California. Perhaps I may add—not, however, for the benefit of the twenty Smith girls who are studying Greek literature—that Procrustes, to whom my correspondents allude, was a mythical Greek robber who had two beds. He hammered or stretched out his short victims to fit the long bed and cut down his tall victims to fit the short one. Says the West Virginian teacher:

> I have just finished reading your article concerning the college boards, and I feel so happy that some one in an influential position [I accept the bouquet for The Outlook, not for my humble self] has had the courage to speak the truth that I am hastening to express my heartfelt thanks and approval. It is certainly high time in the development of American education that we should break the bonds that are repressing and strangling the creative tendency of our brightest boys and girls. Too long we have been fitting them to the iron beds of Procrustes.

In my previous article I suggested that, as the coaches have made football more universal and interesting by introducing the forward pass, so our college authorities might make the intellectual scrimmages of their students more effective and seductive by working out of their rut with a forward pass. To this my California correspondent alludes by saying:

> By all means the "forward pass" or anything else that will get some sanity into the admission processes of our colleges! May I express my unqualified approval of your editorial article "Those College Boards," in The Outlook for November 11.
>
> In the July "Atlantic Monthly" I tried to present under the caption "Procrustes Redivivus" some of my own feeling on the subject. I doubt if there is any influence in modern education, particularly secondary private school instruction, more vicious and deadening than the tyranny of the college boards, and the consequent stress on factitious numerical ratings. Until the dogma of salvation by statistics is foresworn by schools and teachers we shall continue to have the present mechanical system of the routineer.

With this presentation of the views of the routineers and the mutineers I will leave the subject to the cogitations of my readers, adding only one observation. Methodology is not the object of education. What, then, is its object? Huxley in a notable passage defines it thus:

> That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamen-

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tal truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

He would be a presumptuous man who should undertake to improve on Huxley. But I think I can make him a little briefer by venturing to say that the object of education is to make a man useful, interesting, and agreeable to himself and society. No man can have these three qualities without receiving the cultivation—physical, mental, and moral—so beautifully defined by Huxley.

"Jews, Catholics, and Protestants"

WHEN Don Seitz's article entitled "Jews, Catholics, and Protestants" appeared in The Outlook of November 25, we pointed out editorially that Mr. Seitz was not aiming at people but at ideas, and that he struck at intolerance wherever he found it. We expected, nevertheless, that there would be plenty of resentful "comebacks" from partisans of all three classes named.

There have been a few such explosions, but on the whole the comments have been moderate, and those that were critical usually were concerned about individual points of accuracy rather than about the main contentions of the article.

For instance, the "Journal Press" of St. Cloud, Minnesota, after saying that Mr. Seitz is a fearless writer and has the courage of his convictions, comments as follows: "He gets his angle of the Jews and the Catholics from New York, where both train with Tammany, to their own advantage. But generally speaking, this question of voting *en masse* is not true in the smaller cities. In the West the Catholic is a mighty good American citizen, who does his own voting. He as a rule resents any attempted dictation from the priest or bishop, and the same can be said for the Jews of the West."

One correspondent remarks: "With several minor details of Seitz's article I could pick a quarrel. Nevertheless I do not think I exaggerate when I say it is one of the best articles I have read, not only in The Outlook, but in any (say, a dozen) magazines in years."

In similar vein a Protestant minister, Rev. J. Newton Perrin, of Newbury, Vermont, writes: "The article in the last Outlook, 'Jews, Catholics, and Protestants,' by Don C. Seitz, was great! All Americans would profit by reading it; and I say this, although, as the minister of a Protestant church, once or twice Mr. Seitz stroked my fur the wrong way."

A Southern journalist whose articles and correspondence have appeared in The Outlook, Mr. George Fort Milton, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, in a letter which expresses his admiration of Mr. Seitz's forcible expression of vigorous conviction, quotes some remarkable utterances from a prominent lay Catholic. Mr. Milton writes:

"The cry of 'K. K. K.' or 'Catholic' is raised by scheming politicians, who seek thereby to blind the voters to their faults by invoking their prejudices and passions. It is only some months after election that the poor voter, finding himself the victim of a vicious government, discovers the fraud played upon him.

"One cannot better illustrate the truth of one side of this than by quoting the words of Colonel Patrick H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky, a leading lay Catholic, whose views upon political occurrences are sound and salutary:

> "It has for many years been my policy in public as well as in private to have no hesitancy in expressing my belief that the Irish-Catholic boss is the greatest menace to Catholicity, as well as to the Democratic Party.
>
> "It may be surprising to you to hear a Catholic so express himself; yet it was my actual experience as chairman of the Religious Prejudice Commission and as chairman of the K. of C. war work that brought about this inevitable conclusion.
>
> "Political Catholics who for partisan reasons seek to capitalize the faith of their fellows, and to play upon their passions and fears, are as great a menace to America as are those political anti-Catholics.
>
> "The endeavors of the Irish political bosses to draw the red herring of religion across the path of political and economic progress are to be deplored and despised, which sentiments are characteristic of the thoughtful Catholics everywhere in America, and I feel confident that endeavors so inspired to renew the religious issue either for helpful or harmful purposes will act as a boomerang on those responsible for the same.

"This characterization by one who has made the so-called religious prejudice a matter of deep study seems to me full of pith and moment. A similar indictment, in my opinion, can quite as properly be drawn of the professional anti-Catholic."

A vigorous defense of the Catholic Church from Mr. John F. Gilroy is too long to print entire, but we select some of the more salient passages:

> Mr. Seitz charges that we keep apart from the rest of the people. In what way, may I ask? We work with them, live with them, fight side by side with them in time of war, contribute to their charities and attend their balls, dinners, and other social events. We go to their weddings and their funerals. We belong to the same social clubs and college fraternities. We belong to scores of the same fraternal organizations, such as the Elks, Eagles, Royal Arcanum, Rotary, and Lions Clubs and many others. Many of us belong to the same patriotic societies, such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, United Spanish War Veterans, Army and Navy Union, Grand Army of the Republic, and many others. We work with them and many times for them in politics. We even pray for them. How is it possible for us to show more friendship for our fellow-Americans?
>
> Mr. Seitz says Protestants cannot belong to the Knights of Columbus. That is true. Neither can Catholics belong to the Methodist Brotherhood, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavor Society, or the Baptist Young People's Union of America. The Knights of Columbus are a religious, charitable, patriotic, and fraternal society of Catholic men. A Protestant would no more want to join the Knights of Columbus than a Catholic would some distinctly Protestant order. Why cannot a Catholic be a Mason? Because we consider the Masonic Order a sort of humanitarian religion. As we consider Masonry a religion, a Catholic could no more belong to that than he could belong to some Protestant church. We have the kindest feelings towards the Masons, we look on many of them as our best friends, and differ from them only in religion. Many times have I heard in Catholic clubs, Knights of Columbus councils, and Holy Name Societies the Masons referred to as our separate brothers. Is there anything unfriendly in that?
>
> Mr. Seitz charges that Catholics vote in blocks. If that is so, how is it

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that Boston elected a Protestant Mayor when seventy-five per cent of its population is Catholic? How is it that Rhode Island is represented by two Protestants in the United States Senate? Why are Protestants elected to many offices in New York City? Why are the majority of the judges in the Irish Free State Protestants, when ninety per cent of the population is Catholic?

It is noticeable that most of the replies to Mr. Seitz's article have been from Catholics, very few from anti-Catholics, and not many from Jews. We quote one from the last class, written by Mr. Abe Blajivas, of Washington, D. C.

Thousands of our Jewish boys who answered the call to uphold the principles of true democracy never returned. Did any one ask, "Are they Jews or Gentiles?" then? Did any one question their patriotism? No. The Jew has never in the history of the world given over so to another people's ideas and customs as the Jew in America. The American Jew loves the United States far above any other nation in the world, and he shows this in the best way conceivable to his mind by holding the Stars and Stripes enshrined in his heart in the same way that he keeps the Star of Israel.

Altogether the correspondence on this subject is lively and appreciative, and in the main it approves of what one writer aptly calls Mr. Seitz's "honorable audacity."

Art As a Remembrance and As a Warning

A London Art Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

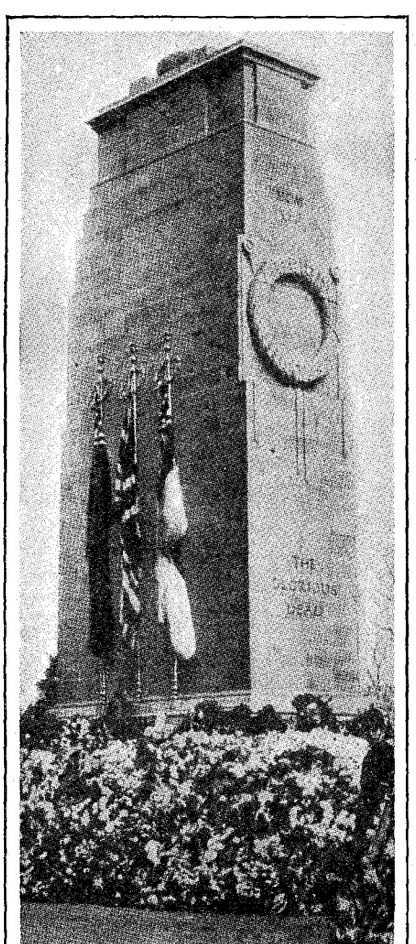
A CURIOUS and significant thing has happened in England. The layman has usurped the prerogative of the cleric. Novelists have been preaching sermons in the pages of the "Daily Express," at the invitation of the editor. They were given a subject for a sermon—two words, two vital words, "My Religion."

The names of the chosen were Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, Conan Doyle, Phillips Oppenheim, Compton Mackenzie, J. D. Beresford, Israel Zangwill, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and Henry Arthur Jones.

To my thinking, the only article or sermon of value was that by Arnold Bennett, because he has the courage of his negative convictions, and the pluck to utter them bluntly and forcibly. These lay sermons have been published under the title "My Religion," Hutchinson & Co. (two shillings and sixpence). I saw piles of them in the window of the new "Psychic Book Shop," in Victoria Street, founded by Conan Doyle and controlled by him.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his address to the Church Congress, seemed perturbed that novelists should be taking the place of priests, but he is a wise man, and must know that the editor of a popular newspaper would not pay large fees for sermon-articles unless he was confident that there is a large demand for them. The Archbishop might possibly argue: "Our work is bearing fruit. Our flock is taking religion into its own hands. But what a change!"

Another popular journal, the "Sunday Weekly Despatch," has gone a step further. The editor has invited a number of eminent people to contribute, in turn, a sermon-article on the subject "Death and After." Learned and witty Judge Parry in his contribution sensibly says: "At the end of the day's work our chief longing is for sleep, and sleep calm and refreshing, with no evil dreams, a sleep that is restful. At the end of life's work we shall want a rest, and I have faith that it will be granted."



The Cenotaph, Whitehall, erected to the memory of Britain's unknown soldier

I can imagine the readers of the "Weekly Despatch" saying, "Yes, that is so, but"—

And some of them may have recalled the snatch of doggerel that they learned in childhood:

There was an old woman who always
was tired,
She lived in a world where too much
was required.
"Don't grieve for me now, don't grieve
for me never,
I'm going to do nothing forever and
ever."

IF one tries to find a cause for this growing journalistic interest in the Eternal Verities and Ultimate Realities, one may label it as one of the aftermaths of the Great War. There are countless homes throughout the world that mourn a vacant place or places in the home. We in Great Britain, with our own one million dead, have in historic Whitehall a Cenotaph that is a perpetual reminder of our loss. It is a work of genius, this Cenotaph by Edwin Lutyens—so simple, so solitary in crowded Whitehall. All the year round there are fresh flowers at the base; every day mourners gather, and on Armistice Day, November 11, it is the center of the Empire, when the King places his wreath there.

This year the Two Minutes' Silence was more impressive, more crowded, and more strictly observed than ever. Never in the history of the world has there been a service, although lasting only two minutes, so universal, uniting all people, whatever their shade of belief or unbelief. I believe in all countries it is the same. I can speak only of London. From eleven until two minutes after eleven, from the moment the gun was fired in St. James's Park, with relays of maroons carrying the unuttered signal—"Cease work and pray"—throughout the land, there was a silence that could be felt. Only the great sacrifice of those who gave their lives could have produced this universal service of silence and prayer.

Those who have not been present can hardly imagine it. I was in the Mall when the gun was fired, and instantaneously the world of London became

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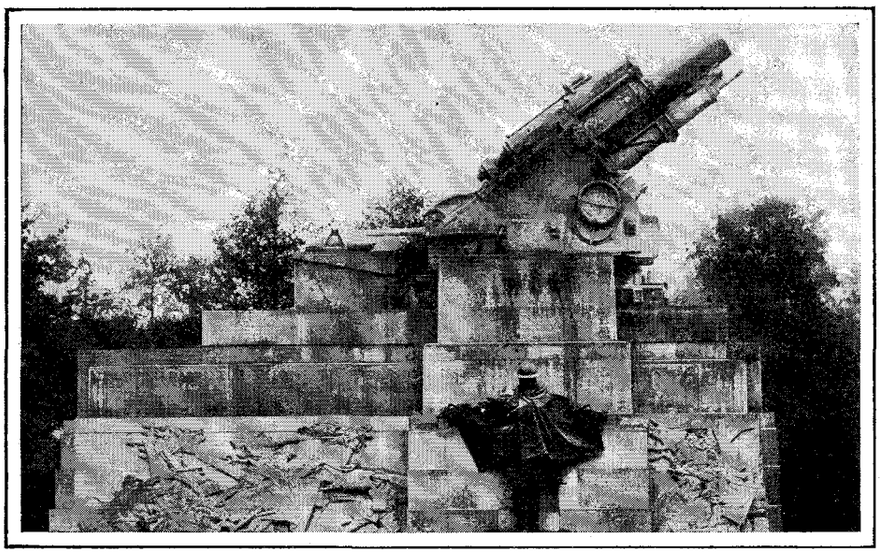

Royal Artillery Memorial, Hyde Park Corner, London

rigid and silent. The Two Minutes' Silence on Armistice Day is the most wonderful event that I have ever experienced.

And yet? The chief guest at a luncheon party which I had the honor to attend on the following day was a Maharajah of India. The conversation flagged. My hostess whispered to me, "Do say something to his Highness."

I cleared my throat and said, "What did your Highness think of our Two Minutes' Silence?"

He raised his jeweled hands and murmured, with surprise, "Why only two minutes?"

So the East rebuked the West."

THE Cenotaph in Whitehall is idealism—spiritual.

The Royal Artillery Memorial, at Hyde Park Corner, by Jagger, another work of genius, is realism—material. A howitzer in stone dominates the bronze figures. It is a warning against war. Art can be a warning as well as a remembrance.

We raise our hats when we pass the Cenotaph.

We clench our fists before the howitzer.

We close our eyes and lift our hearts during the Two Minutes' Silence.

A Hand Across the Sea[1]

Staff Correspondence from Washington by DIXON MERRITT

From time to time during the next few months Mr. Merritt will devote his correspondence to the Biggest Business in the country—that collection of departments and bureaus and commissions that we call the Government at Washington

WHEN hell breaks loose—which is the Shermanic way of saying when war threatens—anywhere in the world, the American Department of State has business on its hands in greater volume than usual, which is saying much. Even when the back bay of Purgatory boils—and one or another of its estuaries usually is simmering, to say the least—something as a rule has to be done in the State Department at Washington. "The Secretary of State acted promptly," the press despatches say the next morning. And all of us wonder how one man, even one superman, can act so promptly so often and in such a diversity of ways to avert dangers so dissimilar.

Well, if the Secretary of State happened to be playing golf on the afternoon when the boiling began to stew an American interest, he probably went right on playing golf to the eighteenth hole. When he got back to his desk, everything was ready to his hand for prompt action. For it is hardly a matter of five minutes between the click of a telegraph key in the most distant consulate and the whir of the wheels in the Department of State. And there are men at hand who know every detail of the territory where the trouble is. It may be one of those remote corners of the earth that God forgot and of which well-informed Americans never heard. But seated at a desk in some office of the Department of State is a man who knows that corner as the white-bearded farmer knows his field, as the wrinkled patrolman knows his beat.

TAKE a supposititous case—slightly so, at least. The Druses have invaded the Lebanon. And either they, or the French, or the Moslems, or the native Christians, have in their zeal or their fanaticism stepped on an American toe. How does that fact reach the desk of the Secretary of State for him to act promptly upon?

One man who wrote an article on the Department of State made a very fine phrase—so fine that he both began and ended his article with it: "The long arm of the Government reaches across the seas." That, of course. It is less a matter of course though equally a matter of fact that the fingers at the end of that long arm, sensitive as those of a surgeon, touch the oases of the deserts and the coves of mountains most remote.

American foreign service men are on duty at Aleppo, at Beirût, and at Damascus. Mostly, they have trekked about the Near East, from Cairo to Teheran, for years on end. They know that scramble of dissimilar and antagonistic peoples, customs, religions. They report by telegraph and cable to Washington on what has happened in the Lebanon.

The reports come in to the Division of Indexes and Archives, are decoded and sent, not to the Secretary of State or to any Assistant Secretary of State, but to the Chief of the Division of Near Eastern Affairs. His name is Allen W.

[1] Some aspects of the work of the Department of State not mentioned in this piece of correspondence will be considered by Mr. Merritt when he comes to treat of similar duties of other departments.

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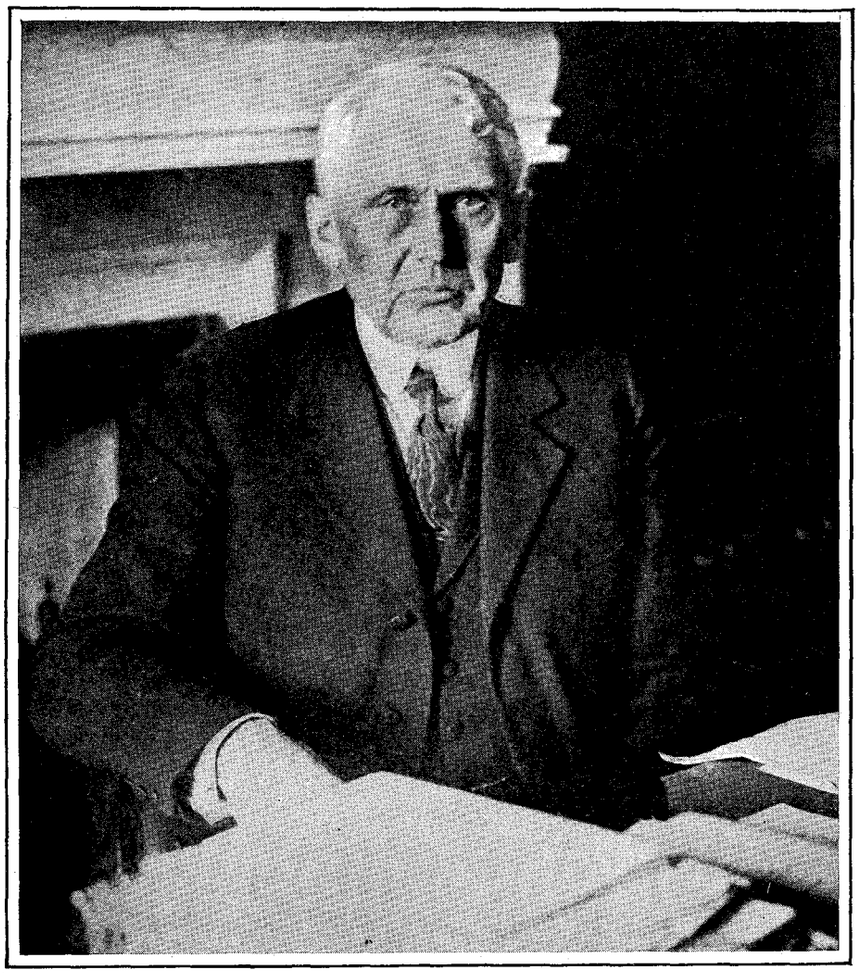

Wide World Photos

Secretary Kellogg at his desk

Dulles. He is a foreign service officer, has been on diplomatic duty in the Near East, and will be again when his three or four years of service in the home office is ended. But he does not rely on his own knowledge of the region, which may be somewhat general. He punches the buzzer for George Wadsworth, one of the half-dozen foreign service men in the Division of Far Eastern Affairs. Wadsworth used to be, for a number of years, a teacher in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût. Later, he was Consul-General there. He knows those Druses, and the Christians, and the Moslems of the Lebanon better than you know the Syrian rug merchant around the corner.

Dulles and Wadsworth, with whatever assistance they need from others of their kind, work out the problem and present it to the Secretary—solved. Probably they secured assistance from men not of their kind exactly. There may have been involved a question of commercial policy on which they needed the advice of Assistant Secretary Harrison, or possibly a question of ceremonial on which they needed the counsel of Assistant Secretary Wright. But these men, too, are foreign service officers. They have known the far corners of the earth, and will know them again after a few years of administrative work in the Department.

These are the two legs on which the Department of State stands—the Geographical Divisions, of which there are six, and the offices of Assistant Secretaries, of which there are five, counting the office of Under-Secretary as one, though it outranks the other four. In the Geographical Divisions are the specialists on all the countries of the globe. In the offices of the Assistant Secretaries are the expert advisers on the important phases of foreign relations. When the two have done their work, with some technical aid from other divisions, it is not difficult for the Secretary of State to act promptly. What remains for him is the final decision on the big question of policy.

THIS is a picture which will hardly be recognized by those who know only the old familiar photograph of the Department of State as a political agency for sending loyal party men to good diplomatic posts abroad or giving them comfortable jobs in the Department at home. The Department of State has been made over on a service basis—on a career basis, if that is clearer. Almost without public knowledge of the fact, there actually has been constructed a foreign office manned, both in the offices in Washington and in the missions and consulates abroad, by persons trained in the foreign service.

The Rogers Act. That is the law by which authority for the make-over is conferred. But the plain fact is that the work of making over was largely done before ever the Rogers Act was passed. Cleveland began it a full generation ago. Roosevelt and Taft and Wilson contributed largely to it, all without authority of law. And it was brought fairly near to completion, still without authority of law, by Charles Evans Hughes when, as Secretary of State under Harding, he had a free hand to work out the foreign policies of the Nation. When the Rogers Act became law, a great many of the adjustments to its provisions had already been made. Of course, some important ones were made after the passage of the act. Equally of course, there are others still to make. There is still overmuch political influence in the Department of State, but the work of putting it on a solid career basis has gone a great deal further than the public has realized.

HERE are a few indications of how it has progressed.

Joseph C. Grew, Under-Secretary of State, next in rank to Secretary Kellogg, is a service man. He began his career twenty-one years ago as a clerk in the American Consulate-General in Cairo, Egypt. Two of the four Assistant Secretaries are service men—three of the four were until recently, when John Van A. McMurray returned to foreign service as Minister to China. Of the two remaining service men who are Assistant Secretaries, Leland Harrison started in the service nearly twenty years ago as private secretary to the Ambassador to Japan, and J. Butler Wright started sixteen years ago in the legation at Tegucigalpa.

There are nearly fifty service men occupying positions only slightly less important in the offices in Washington. Some of these are constantly filtering back into foreign service; constantly others are coming in from foreign posts to places in Washington. They may remain four years, but most of them do not remain more than three years.

In our missions abroad the political appointees still outnumber the career men. Perhaps they always will. Possibly they always should. Certainly it will ordinarily be advisable to take men

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from private life for posts such as London and Paris. But the proportion of missions headed by career men is increasing, and will continue to increase.

The Minister to China, as previously said, is a career man—a former Assistant Secretary of State. The Ambassador to Argentina is a career man. So is the Minister to Belgium, the Ambasador to Brazil, the Minister to Bulgaria, the Minister to Czechoslovakia, the Minister to Greece, the Ambassador to Italy, the Minister to Persia, the Minister to Portugal, the Minister to Switzerland, and a number of others. In short, four of the fifteen ambassadorial and fifteen of the thirty-five ministerial positions are filled by career men.

This may not sound—and may not be of itself—so tremendously important. Very likely political appointees would have done as well as career appointees in some of these posts. But it is a tremendously important thing, none the less. Because career men hold these important diplomatic posts we have a better Vice-Consul at Monrovia, in Liberia, and a better Second Secretary of Legation at Helsingfors, in Finland. The young man who goes out to swelter in the quags of a little banana republic or freeze on the tundras by the Arctic Circle goes with hope in his heart. A private of the lowest rank, he knows that he carries "the baton of a field marshal in his knapsack." He knows that, if he serves well enough where service means privation and isolation, he will be brought back some time to Washington for a year or two or three or four, and that he may conceivably be placed at the head of any mission, even that at the Court of St. James's.

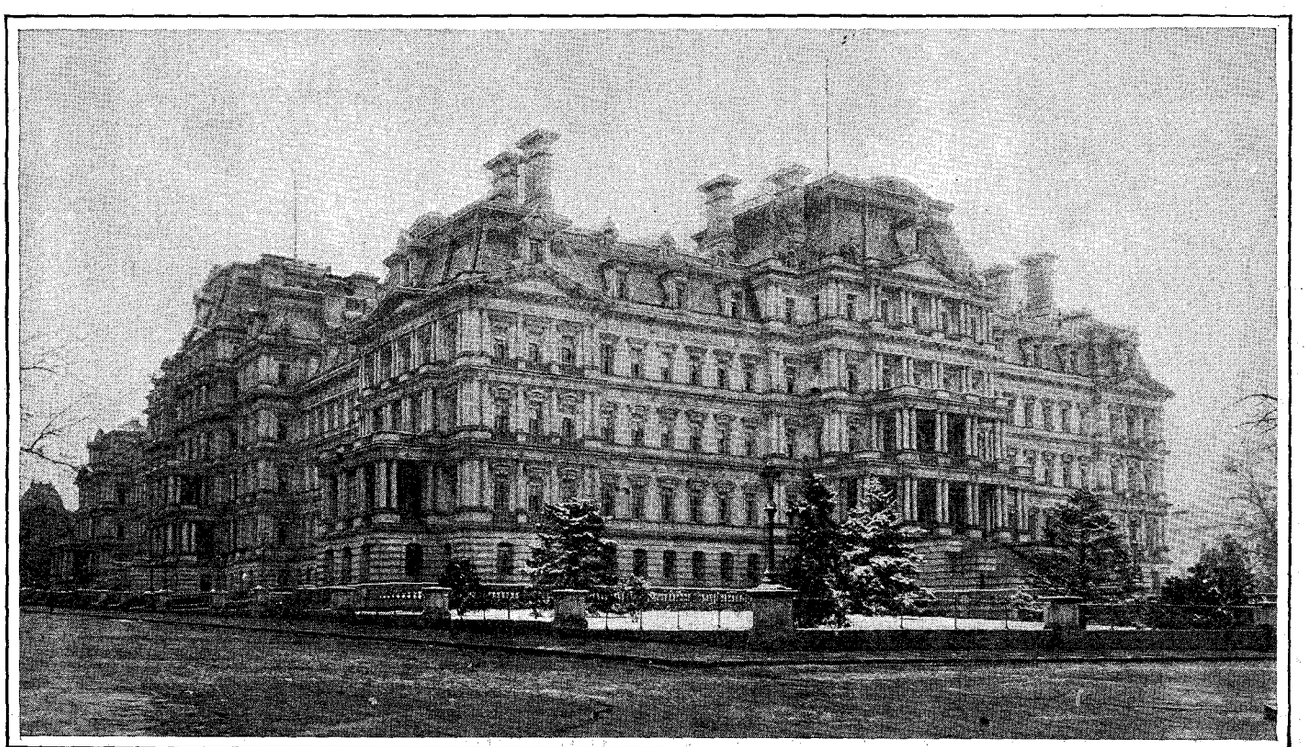
The Rogers Act, coming as the culmination and confirmation of a movement a generation long, made of the American foreign service a thing really worthy of the attention of America's most promising young men. It gives assurance of reward through promotion. It provides decent compensation—not large, not comparable with what might be earned by equal effort in some other professions, but enough to live on and to rear a family on. It assures tenure of office and a pension when a man is worn out or broken in health. There will abide in the foreign service these three things, but the greatest of these is certainty of reward for honest and efficient effort.

IN the old days the young man who entered the consular service could have no hope of the diplomatic service. His work and his reward were as inexorably limited as if he had belonged to a Hindu caste. To-day there is no consular service and no diplomatic service. The two are welded into one, the foreign service, and any man may aspire to any position.

True, there is still consular work and there is still diplomatic work, and men are assigned to the one kind of work and to the other, but there is no barrier between them. It is even contemplated that certain men will spend the greater part of their lives in consular work and certain other men in diplomatic work, as their fitnesses may determine; but the young man has his chance at both before he settles down to his specialty, and at any time of his life he may be shifted naturally from the one to the other, as his talents and the exigencies of the time require.

Covetousness is a cardinal sin. Yet perhaps it might be held as only a venal sin against a man now in middle age who covets the opportunity of the young men entering the foreign service under the new conditions. They have, first of all, educational opportunities perhaps superior to those of any other group of young men in America.

Civil Service examinations—competitive, written—are held at various places over the country. Those who succeed are asked to come to Washington for oral examination. Scholarship weighs heavier in the first, personality and adaptability in the second. Those who pass the oral examination in Washington are enrolled as Foreign Service Officers, and become students in the Foreign Service School, with a faculty which is undoubtedly the most exceptional in America. It is made up as occasion requires of all those men and women in the Department of State who have expert knowledge of the world and of the relationship of nations, of those more than fifty geographical specialists who hold the secrets of the mysterious places, of



(C) Harris & Ewing

The State, War, and Navy Building, Washington, D. C.

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any number of other men and women who know as specialists the institutions and the laws of the United States, of those who through a lifetime have delved into the intricacies of diplomatic usage. They have the equivalent of a college year in this essentially post-graduate school, using, meanwhile, the offices of the Department of State as working laboratories. It is not too much to say that they learn in one year several times over more of their own and of other governments than most students learn in four years. When they pass the examination to get out of the school, they are commissioned as vice-consuls and sent out into the far places of the earth, but with the door of opportunity wide open to them.

They go knowing that, when they have qualified, they will be recommended for appointment as chief of mission by a Personnel Classification Board, composed predominantly of career men, who will see to it that politics does not get the upper hand of service. To-day all the members of that Board with a single exception are career men. True, they are on duty in the Department, but, even so, the field holds a check on the office. Once a year a Board of Review is called in from the missions over the world—five service officers of high rank not connected with the Personnel Classification Board. This Board of Review checks, and changes if necessary, the classifications made by the Personnel Board, and promotions are made on the basis of the findings of the Board of Review.

No young man sent out as a vice-consul goes quite into isolation either, no matter how remote or inaccessible his post may be. A staff of inspectors constantly travels, not alone the broad highways, but the hidden by-paths of the world, carrying the spirit of the Department to the missions and consulates and bringing their spirit back to the Department.

THE time has come now to make restitution for an injustice done in this article. It began with talk of war. That was for the sake of the spectacular, not because these service men dispersed over the face of the globe are thinking of war, not because the Department in Washington is giving attention to war except occasionally and incidentally. Predominantly, the Department of State both at home and in the field is thinking of peace. The most significant fact about the new diplomacy, if a threadbare phrase may be used to describe something really not very old, is that it is organized for the purpose of devising means of settling international disputes and preventing war. Courts of international justice, tribunals of arbitration, and commissions of inquiry have the center of the stage. Many of these efforts are large scale and find their prominent place in the press. By far the greater part of them are quietly carried on in the missions and consulates and never meet printer's ink. That, together with the promotion of our legitimate commercial interests, is the work into which our foreign service young men are sent, the work that heads up on the desk of the Secretary of State for "prompt action."

Thus far the Prince of Denmark has not properly made his entrance in this "Hamlet." The play does not depend upon him wholly, but he has his large importance. While the work of the supporting cast cannot be quite destroyed, it may be greatly marred if Hamlet be not a master actor. The usual order of stages is quite reversed. Those in the minor rôles stay pretty steadily on, but a new star has to be found once, and sometimes twice, in a while. There have been two under the Coolidge management. There were three under Wilson and three under Roosevelt, besides in each case an understudy who played the star rôle for a little while. His is the one place that will usually be filled by political appointment. It is hardly conceivable that career men will often be Secretaries of State—for the immediate future, at any rate. The Secretary of State has a large, not to say overwhelming, importance.

BE made acquainted, then, with Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State. Small, quick of action, nervous, he presents the most striking contrast possible to the calm, compelling personality of the man who played the part before him. Yet Kellogg and Hughes learned their art in the same school. Both are thoroughly the lawyer. For neither of them has there been any approach to the work of the office except the legalistic approach. That much is resemblance. All the rest is contrast.

Hughes was, perhaps, the most formal man that the office of Secretary of State has known. Kellogg is, without exception, the most informal. After he reached his desk in the morning, Hughes was never seen outside of his own office. Kellogg is likely to turn up at any minute at the desk of any man or woman whose help he happens to need. Hughes addressed his associates by their full titles. Kellogg calls many of them bluntly by their first names. Hughes secured the facts necessary for a decision and, after the fashion of the judge, "took the case under advisement." Kellogg collects his facts just as carefully. He hears the last word from every specialist. Having heard it, he makes his decision instantly. There is no putting off till to-morrow when the facts are in. Hughes, "taking the case under advisement," would probably never have issued the statement that Kellogg issued with regard to Mexican relations. He would probably not have taken the action that Kellogg took with regard to Tacna-Arica. Kellogg, with his tolerance for the testimony of every witness, would not have drawn the line so sharply between reason and sentiment had he presided at the Arms Conference, and the French view—which proved, after all, to be a view worth considering—would have had fuller presentation.

In their relations with the public and the press the two men are wholly unlike. Hughes rarely made a statement to the press if a valid reason could be found for withholding it. Kellogg rarely withholds a statement from the press if a valid reason can be found for giving it. Hughes was extremely intolerant of "leaks." Kellogg regards a "leak" as in the nature of the inevitable if the knowledge is shared by any considerable number of persons. If in press conference a correspondent tried to secure material for an antagonistic article, Hughes went coldly about the job of annihilating him. Kellogg is likely either to grow angry with him or to laugh at him.

These are comparisons that, perhaps, should not be made. But what other way is there of arriving at an approximation of the kind of service that Kellogg is likely to render as Secretary of State? The ability of Hughes as a negotiator is known. That of Kellogg is unknown. He is not to be credited with the success of the Italian debt negotiation nor blamed for the failure of the French debt negotiation. His record is still to make. But there are many indications that it will be a good record.

When the work of the foreign service and of the home offices came to Hughes for action, he acted with the utmost precision. There was never any hair's-breadth of deviation from the predetermined course. Kellogg does not act precisely that way.

A man who has had probably better opportunity than any other in Washington for observing Kellogg in action as Secretary of State was asked for an estimate of his work. "Let me tell you," he said, "how Kellogg plays golf. His hands refuse to stay still. He is fidgety. His stick wabbles around. But just before he hits the ball he steadies down and makes a perfectly marvelous shot."

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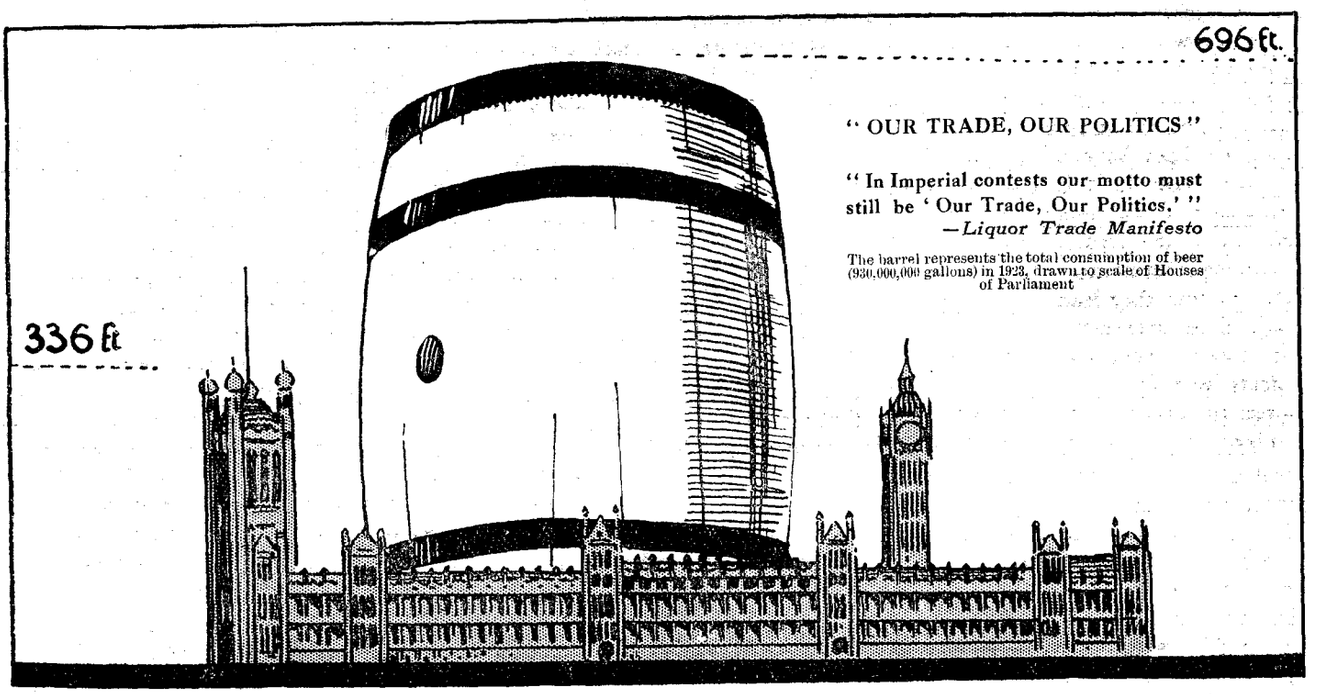
696 ft.
336 ft
"OUR TRADE, OUR POLITICS"
"In Imperial contests our motto must still be 'Our Trade, Our Politics.'"
—Liquor Trade Manifesto
The barrel represents the total consumption of beer (930,000,000 gallons) in 1923, drawn to scale of Houses of Parliament

"The Trade" in England

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

IN comparing the liquor situation of America and England we must remember that in the United States the liquor institution was never considered as very reputable, while in England it is one of the most respectable trades of the country.

In England the most popular drink is beer. It has held its place in Great Britain since its introduction by the Roman conquerors. Many English people quite generally and honestly believe that the British Empire has been brought up on beef and beer.

For so many centuries alcoholic drinking has been bound up with the social habits of the people that it now seems to have assumed a hopeless inveteracy.

The names of some of the pubs and old inns reflect the close connection of the liquor traffic with the civic and religious history of England. There are "The Lamb and Flag," an allusion to the symbolic Agnus Dei; "Peter's Finger," which pictures the Papal hand raised in blessing; "The Cross Keys," emblems of the power of the keys. Also "The Baptist's Head," "The Three Nuns," "The Flaming Sword" (with which St. Michael defended the gate of paradise), "Noah's Ark," and "The Bleeding Heart." The emblems of St. George, St. Crispin, St. Hugh, and St. Blaise adorn many a bar.

In some cases the village pubs have grown out of the local churches. In the Middle Ages ale was dispensed in the church house, a building adjoining the church. Gradually these church houses were leased out to innkeeper tenants, and then, in some cases, came the metamorphosis—church house to ale-house. And again, several of the pubs of to-day were founded by the monks of the Middle Ages, in order to provide entertainment and hospitality in their monasteries.

THE social and political influence of the liquor trade of Great Britain is greater than even our old-time brewers and distillers ever dreamed of possessing. America's saloon problem was child's play to that which faces Great Britain

At the present time the brewery companies own ninety per cent of the public-houses, and the nobility, clergy, and church and school endowments own the majority of shares in the brewery companies.

Viscountess Astor recently referred to the phrase "drunk as a lord," saying that it is now out of date. "You can't say that any longer," she said, "because lords don't get drunk; but a great many men become lords because they sell drink."

An examination of the personnel of the brewing companies revealed to me among the directors and trustees for debenture holders the names of 31 peers, 19 sons of peers, 66 baronets or knights, 102 justices of the peace, and 28 members of Parliament. You can readily see that the social influence of the liquor trade is considerable.

Spiritual peers, as well as temporal peers, are financially interested in the distilling and brewery businesses.

The most recent Brewer's Almanac that I could find in the public library gave its opening pages to the Church of England Calendar, with memorandum space provided after each saint's and feast day.

The great endowment funds of colleges and church parishes as well as the private funds of many schoolmasters and clergy are invested in the shares of the great liquor firms.

Temperance speakers at Hyde Park meet the continual effective thrust of the hecklers, "If drink is the cause of all the misery you say it is, why do so many church people and clergymen invest their money in breweries?" The reason, I suppose, is that these shares pay from ten to twenty per cent income annually and are free from tax. But for the monetary gain they are sacrificing all hope of any effective propaganda against the drink evil.

However, it is only fair to say that many ministers and bishops of the va-

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rious English churches are sincerely opposed to prohibition such as was enacted in the United States, on the ground that it interferes with personal liberty and does not effectively bring about temperance. These clergymen see no wrong in the moderate drinking of liquor, and usually partake themselves at their dinner, whether private or public. Several prominent ecclesiastics take leading parts in anti-prohibition demonstration meetings.

I was told of one parson who attended a dinner of his local liquor trade society and in his speech declared that he was to be found every week night taking his ease in the village pub. A newspaper reporter followed up this tip and wrote of the habits and character of the man. "He stood at the bar," wrote the reporter, "with the elbow of an habitué on the counter," and, going there "out of simple fellowship, to talk, to have a drink, to join in any fun that may be going," he says to his companion, "Drink up, and we'll have another one in the other bar."

The liquor business is popularly known as "the Trade." The use of the definite article is significant. It is as if it tops all other trades—and it does.

"The Trade" is the most powerful thing in the country. It is now so deeply intrenched, so skillfully organized, that the common belief is that there is no defeating it. Most people feel that it could smash any Government party or church that dared to stand up against it. The secret of its strength is mainly in the fact that the British are a drink-loving people.

"The Trade" dominates politics because, as Lord Astor says, "it has entangled in its success the financial well-being of Church and nobility."

An interesting commentary on the strength of "the Trade" is found in the story of the recent W. C. T. U. Convention in Edinburgh. The only two auditoriums available for their meetings were Usher Hall and McEwan Hall, which were the gifts of the wholesale liquor dealers whose names they bear.

The Fight Against "the Trade"

WHAT are the prohibitionists of Great Britain doing to combat the liquor trade?

In considering this question, let us look back for a bit upon the history of the British dry movement. Temperance societies in England are nearly a century old. In the eighteen thirties the British and Foreign Temperance Societies started their drive for total abstinence from all spirits (wines and beer excepted). In 1853 the United Kingdom Alliance—one of the foremost organizations of the present day—was founded to secure the "total and immediate suppression of the liquor traffic." A central office is now maintained in London and paid agents are distributed all over England. This society advocates local option—that is to say, the right of every city or community to vote itself dry if it so wishes. Its methods are very much the same as our Anti-Saloon League. In 1916 this organization campaigned for a war-time prohibition, and obtained over two million signatures of people favoring that measure.

Another prohibition society is the Strength of Britain Movement, which was organized to bring about war-time prohibition and which has continued its existence and now advocates—

(1) The immediate prohibition of spirits.

(2) The immediate limitation of brewing to one-half of the pre-war barrelage, followed by a progressive restriction on the output of both beer and wine until it entirely ceases.

The Temperance Council of the Christian Churches started in 1915 and is made up of temperance bodies from all the churches—Nonconformist, Church of England, and Roman Catholic—though some of the representation is very weak. Its program aims to restrict the hours of liquor sale and to give each locality the right to vote on the three options: (1) No change, (2) reduction, or (3) no license. It also purposes to provide as an alternative to the liquor tavern a place for non-alcoholic refreshment, recreation, and social intercourse.

I shall not enumerate the many denominational temperance organizations, but the list cannot be closed without a mention of the World League Against Alcoholism, founded in America, and which has for its purpose (as its name implies) world-wide prohibition. It maintains an active London office.

One very regrettable condition of affairs in the British dry movement is the great jealousy which exists between the various temperance societies. I noticed this in my study of the situation, and my observation was confirmed by Viscount Astor, himself an ardent prohibitionist, who said, "They are all fighting a common evil, and yet they can't refrain from fighting each other."

But, with all the division of forces, much has been accomplished toward temperance in England.

Temperance teaching is now quite common in the schools.

All of the political parties are beginning to take an interest in the liquor problem. The Conservative Party contains a group of social reformers who are agitating for local option. However, in the main this party is too closely tied up with the interests of the breweries and publicans to make prohibition a party measure. Leaders of the Labor Party expressed the opinion that the majority of their members would stand for public ownership of the liquor business. The Liberal Party has declared itself to be hostile to the brewing interests, and it is considering inserting a temperance plank in its platform. This party is very weak at the present time, but hopes to reap the reward of taking the lead in an attempt to get rid of the nation's terrific drink bill.

When the Bishop of Oxford introduced in the House of Lords last year a bill providing for local option, it was supported by groups from all three parties.

London's Daily Prohibition

IN the last ten years the hours for sale of drink have been cut down by one-half. Before the war liquor could be sold for nineteen and one-half hours out of the twenty-four—a period far exceeding the hours of sale of other retail trades.

At the present time the City of London has prohibition for fifteen hours each day, but there it is called "shorter hours." The hours that the public-houses are allowed to sell liquor vary. Some are open until ten in the evening and some until eleven, but they all must close at stated hours during the day.

There is, however, a flaw in this system of closing hours. As a "Central News" reporter pointed out to me, "When the pubs in London close in one borough at ten, one simply goes to another borough (which may be just across the street), and there he can booze for another hour."

Public-houses are under other rules and regulations. It is an offense to sell spirits to any one apparently under sixteen, or to any one under fourteen in corked and sealed vessels. Liquor must be paid for at the time of purchase or the publican is liable for a Government fine. No liquor can, by law, be sold to a drunken person, nor is drunkenness or riotous conduct to be allowed on the premises. Constables are not allowed to remain within the pubs unless on duty. No games (except dominoes) or betting are allowed. The custom of paying workmen's salaries within the public-houses has now been forbidden. Drunkards are to be arrested only when incapable of taking care of themselves.

It is interesting to note that the operation of restricted hours has worked out in about the same fashion as the enforce-

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ment of our Eighteenth Amendment. Here are the words of Dr. Shadwell in his book "Drink in 1914–22:" "Restrictions, when first imposed, act with great effect; but presently, when they have grown familiar and persons given to excess begin to find their way about in the new conditions, the hold is loosened. Evasion is practiced here and there, and, unless checked, it gradually extends. Administration grows lax, and hard drinkers find new channels of gratification."

Also in the last ten years the prices of liquor have been advanced a great deal by increased taxation.

The number of pubs has been greatly reduced. But it is also true that for every public-house closed a "club" selling liquor has been opened. The official figures show a decrease of 2,558 pubs and an increase of 3,077 clubs for the last three years recorded (1919–23). These clubs are simply unlicensed public-houses, and, as they are not bound by the restrictions put on the pubs, a new and unregulated system of drink distribution is rapidly growing up. About six per cent of the national drink bill is now spent in these clubs. This may lead, unless curbed, to practical free trade in liquor.

The clubs range from workingmen's organizations to the type of "night club" now so famous on Broadway, New York City. In these hide-aways (in London as well as New York) bad liquor is sold at exorbitant prices. One particular night club in London is run by a woman of noble title. She provides private rooms with a bar in every room. The Soho section of London seems to be full of vile little dens selling poor liquor, where the wretched drag themselves and wait until the pubs open.

In my next article I shall tell of the measures which "the Trade" is taking to protect its business against dry propaganda and will try to answer the question, "What chance is there for prohibition in England?"

What the Legion Wants in 1926

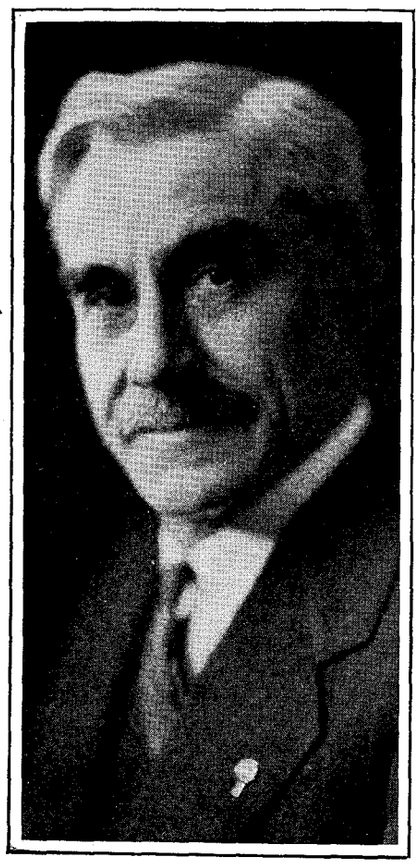
By JOHN R. McQUIGG

National Commander of the American Legion

THE opening of the Sixty-ninth Congress, on December 7, finds that body, as usual, theoretically buried by a veritable tidal wave of prospective legislation. The wave has been rising since the demise of the Sixty-eighth Congress. Bills by the score will be introduced, and supported by organized agencies. Some will be received with acclaim, some with lukewarmness; some will meet outright antagonism; others will die in committee, and more will meet death gamely on the floors of the House and the Senate. Certain it is that of this mass of bills, affecting as they will almost every phase of our daily lives, none will be given greater consideration or bring out a larger following than the legislation which will be sought by the world's largest organization of war veterans.

Representing as it does, not only the view of the former service man as it pertains to his own and dependents' welfare, but giving his opinion on questions of National policy, the American Legion's legislative program has grown in interest, not only to the members of the House and Senate, but to the general public.

The Legion's program in the past has met with wonderful success; a success which it merited by reason of the mature thought given it prior to presentation and because the American Legion has become known in the halls of Congress as being trustworthy and reliable. It has never in its history advocated the passing of any bill which could be construed to be a selfish measure. Its legislative requests have been based entirely on the desire to benefit all veterans alike, and it has sponsored only those measures of National and international import which it believed best for the Nation as a whole.



John R. McQuigg

The legislation the Legion will seek this year may be divided into two parts; the first has to do with Legion policy affecting the welfare of World War veterans and their dependents, particularly the disabled and their close kin; the second has to do with questions of National policy.

Under the first heading is the unqualified support of the Disabled Emergency Army Officers Bill. During the last war each branch of the military service (Army, Navy, and Marine Corps) had three classes of officers—regular, provisional, and emergency. The privileges of retirement have been extended to all but the emergency officers of the Army.

The bill to retire these officers has been hanging fire in Congress for four years. Twice it has passed the Senate. Never has it reached the House. The bill will be presented again at the coming session, and will be pressed for enactment with full Legion support. Only the most biased person will deny one class of disabled officers the rights enjoyed by brother officers in other branches of the service.

Time has proved the Adjusted Compensation measure to be faulty in one or two instances as it applies to the dependents of men who have died. The Legion will seek to correct these faults, that the dependents of deceased soldiers, sailors, and Marines may not pay an added price for the war service of their loved ones. As the law now stands, it is required that lengthy and objectionable affidavits be filed by dependents of deceased veterans in order that dependency may be proved. The law also requires that the $60 bonus paid veterans on dis-

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charge be deducted from the amount paid dependents of men who were killed in action. This last was clearly an oversight by those who drew the bill. The Comptroller-General has held in a recent decision that if a veteran dies after mailing his adjusted compensation application, but before it reaches the United States Veterans' Bureau, his dependents are not entitled to the full amount of the certificate. The Legion will urge Congress to remedy these defects, that justice may be done.

The situation concerning the care of the sick and maimed veterans of the World War has never been satisfactory. It has steadily improved, until the United States to-day is undoubtedly providing the best care ever given the disabled war veterans of any country. The number of beds in modern fireproof Government hospitals, however, is still inadequate. The hospital load of caring for veterans has constantly increased, and, after a Nation-wide survey of hospital conditions, the Legion is prepared and will go before Congress asking that these additional hospital facilities be authorized:

Location	Type	Number of Beds
Walla Walla, Wash.	Tuberculosis	100
Great Lakes, Ill.	Neuro-psychiatric	450
Kentucky	General	250
Detroit, Mich.	General	250
Philadelphia, Pa.	Neuro-psychiatric	500
Saint Cloud, Minn.	Neuro-psychiatric	100
Palo Alto, Cal.	Neuro-psychiatric	325

The Legion will also ask that United States Veterans' Bureau hospitals at Tucson, Arizona, and Alexandria, Louisiana, be replaced by modern plants; that the American Legion hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan, be placed on an equal footing with the Veterans' Bureau hospitals, and that the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers be transferred to the Veterans' Bureau.

The Legion will request that twenty-two amendments be made to the World War Veterans Act of 1924. These, in many instances, are highly technical subjects. Suffice it to say that each one has to do with assisting the disabled man or allowing the veteran, disabled or otherwise, broader privileges in connection with his war risk insurance.

These are the main objectives the Legion seeks for the World War veteran.

THE so-called Universal Draft Bill, intended to keep profit out of war, eliminate the war-time slacker, and place the burden of war equally upon all citizens, will be pushed for enactment as strenuously as the power of three-quarters of a million war veterans can push it. The Legion believes that it is the one right way to carry on a war, and that it will prove in time to be the greatest peace measure this country or the world has ever known.

In fine, the bill prepared by the Legion and on which hearings have been held in the Military Affairs Committee of both the House and the Senate for three years, provides the President with the power, in time of war, to take the necessary steps to stabilize prices of commodities; to draft into the service of the United States all persons between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, or such other limits as may be fixed, without exemption on account of the industrial occupation; and to determine and proclaim the material resources and industrial organizations of the country to be under Government control during the period of the emergency. This means that, not only the man-power of the country, but its entire resources of every description, will be mobilized and under the control of the Government.

President Coolidge spoke approvingly of such a measure at the last National Convention of the American Legion, held in Omaha, Nebraska, in October. He said:

> Undoubtedly, one of the most important provisions in the preparation for National defense is a proper and sound selective service act. Such a law ought to give authority for a very broad mobilization of all the resources of the country, both persons and materials. I can see some difficulties in the application of the principle, for it is the payment of a higher price that stimulates an increased production, but whenever it can be done without economic dislocation such limits ought to be established in time of war as would prevent so far as possible all kinds of profiteering. There is little defense which can be made of a system which puts some men in the ranks on very small pay and leaves others undisturbed to reap very large profits. Even the income tax, which recaptured for the benefit of the National Treasury alone about seventy-five per cent of such profits, while local governments took part of the remainder, is not a complete answer. The laying of taxes is, of course, in itself a conscription of whatever is necessary of the wealth of the country for National defense, but taxation does not meet the full requirements of the situation. In the advent of war, power should be lodged somewhere for the stabilization of prices as far as that might be possible in justice to the country and its defenders.

On the question of aeronautics, the Legion, in the opinion of the many thousands who watched it closely, acted sanely and wisely when the consideration of its last National Convention was given to the report of its Aeronautics Committee. The Legion will ask Congress for the development of a strong air force, believing that the security of the National defense largely depends on this being accomplished. It will also request a complete study of our National defense and urge the immediate establishment of an air mail service between the United States, Central American countries, and the Panama Canal.

THE Legion, as always, is interested in the immigration problem. It opposes any measure tending to weaken the present Immigration Act or allow to enter the United States any immigrants ineligible for American citizenship. It deplores the smuggling of aliens into the country, and requests action that this may be eliminated. Certain preferences are asked for the next of kin of men who served during the war who are kept out under the present law, and request will also be made that the time limit be extended for the naturalization of honorably discharged World War veterans.

Any organization composed solely of men who served together in war would be ignoring the lessons of the past if it did not keep in touch with the military and naval affairs of its country. The Legion has recommended and is prepared again to recommend to the Congress, among other things, a Regular Army of 12,000 officers and 125,000 enlisted men; a National Guard of 190,000, increased yearly until in 1936 it shall be 250,000; the extension of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps to provide for the graduation each year of 5,000 qualified officers; Citizen Military Training Camps of 50,000; voluntary retirement of enlisted men of the Army after sixteen years' service; approval of Defense Test Day; the creation of a strong merchant marine carrying the American flag and manned by American citizens; the maintenance of the Naval Reserve at the highest possible standard; the strongest possible fortification of the Hawaiian Islands. It opposes the proposed reduction in the enlisted personnel of the Navy from 86,000 to 81,700, and urges that provision be made for an increase instead of a decrease.

These, in brief, are the items in the legislative program on which the Legion stands before the Nation. They will be actively supported by the organization on the convening of Congress and will, the Legion hopes, be received with approval.

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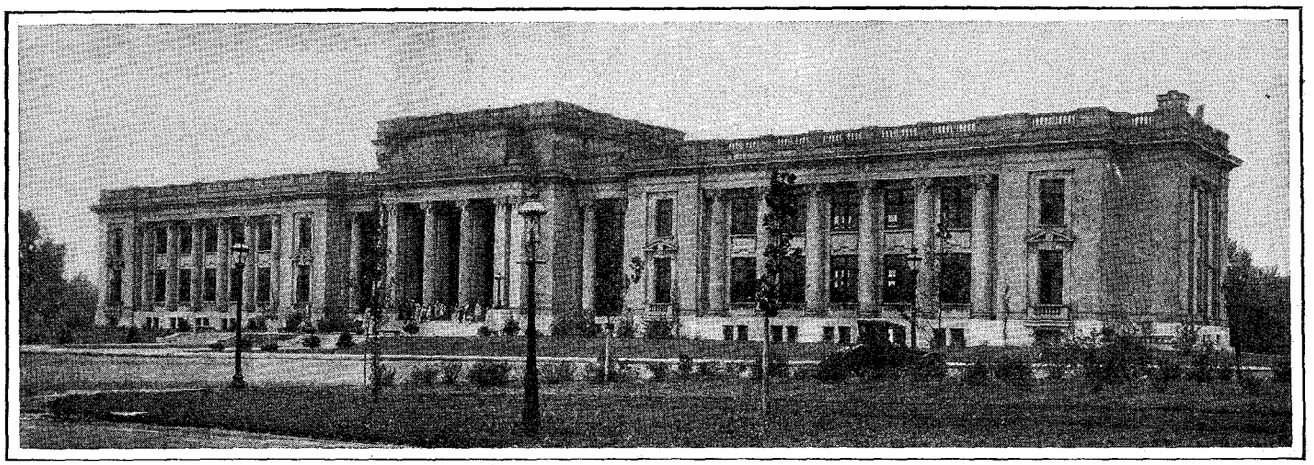


The Mississippi region over which St. Louis dominates was bought from France by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, for the United States in the Louisiana Purchase. The Jefferson Memorial, built for the Centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, now houses the Missouri Historical Society

Building Bigness

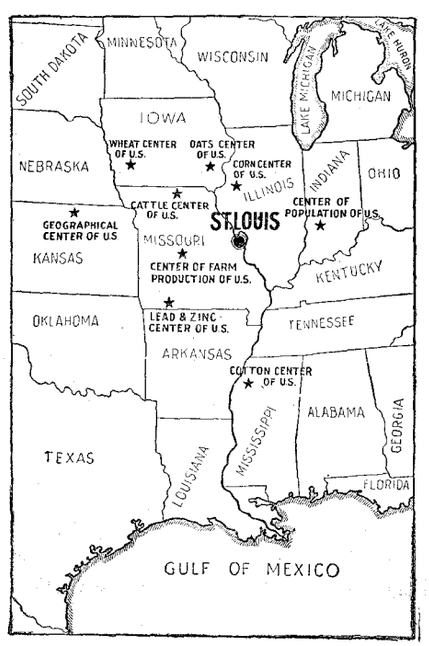
"The City Surrounded by the United States"

By GEORGE MARVIN

EXCEPT those towns that are hanging by their eyelids to the ragged edge of the coastline or, like Nogales, Arizona, dropped down across an international boundary, the United States surrounds all its cities. But St. Louis thought of it first.

It's a good phrase, and it means something. Several star-like American cities approximate the meridian of the United States, their several claims to distinction depending upon just what you mean by "meridian," anyway. There is, for example, the midday of the sun's course from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate; then there is the midday of success. The Census fixes a center of population and the Geodetic Survey marks a geographical center; cotton has its focal point down-stream on the Mississippi and cattlemen plot their National bull's-eye not far from its up-stream banks. Corn, wheat, oats—even so self-effacing a commodity as zinc—each and all have some point on the map where their interests and their money and their talk converge in the form of convenient statistics.

A multitude of sizable towns, each voicing its claim to one or another kind of centrality, swell a mighty chorus going up from the broad central portion of this country which is drained by the Mississippi River and its tributaries. If you will look at the map, you will see that this region is, geographically, no more "Middle West" than it is Middle East. And if you will visit it carefully, you will find in this year of grace and standardization that it is far more Middle than it is distinctively either East or West. It can't help being more or less central, and, patriotically, the several cities in this central region make a virtue of their necessity. Their separate proclamations swell a mighty chorus. Kansas City, for example, growing almost as near as Topeka to the National geographical center in north-central Kansas, goes on record as the "Heart of America." The center of population, lying over in Indiana, becomes incorporated in the trade slogan of Indianapolis. Memphis tells the world it is its cotton center. Dominating these lesser discordant voices as the bass rides the harmony in Greek choral singing, St. Louis comes booming in with its *basso profundo*. It makes an extra big noise because, in addition to being "surrounded by the United States," it really is surrounded by most of the other "centers."



St. Louis is building its bigness primarily on centrality. Los Angeles "develops," Seattle booms, Atlanta boosts, Miami busts. The great city may experience all of these artificial excitements. Fundamentally it grows. It does not grow by chance, or by assertion, or merely by advertising except in so far as advertising tells the simple truth about the basic and incontestable facts from which the city actually does grow. Back of every honestly important municipality in the world loom the reasons why. If the tree is visibly healthy, there must be nourishing roots. Underneath the growth of St. Louis lies the big tap-root of centrality: the reason of the hub for the rim and its spokes, the availability of the web to the spider.

Hitherto St. Louis has not grown "by leaps and bounds." It has grown normally and naturally, a much more comfortable process, one would suppose, than the former acrobatic method so widely recorded by articulate chambers of commerce. It began to grow in 1763, when two Frenchmen, Pierre Laclede and Auguste Chouteau, staked out there on the bank of the river, near the present intersection of Walnut Street with Main, the site of a trading post. Like St. Paul, at the head of Mississippi River navigation, St. Louis was founded

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on fur, and the main reason of its early growth was the river, the mighty Father of Waters, and its main confluent, the Missouri, which joins the main stream a few miles above the spot where Laclede blazed the trees for his fur-trading post.

On fur and by the river's help the city of St. Louis matured, until in 1820 the value of its annual barter had reached nearly two and a half million dollars. About that time the first steamboat landed at the levee. Forty years later, at the time of the Civil War, that same muddy river-bank, paved with Belgian blocks and buttressed with pontoon warehouses that rose and fell with the stream, was lined for a mile with white stern-wheelers, sometimes two and three deep, that carried an enormous traffic between St. Louis and the widely scattered ports—St. Paul, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburgh, Kansas City—of the Mississippi Valley waterways. In this enormous system of navigable rivers St. Louis was, and is now, the focal point. In terms of river navigation, interrelating nominally twenty States in the Union, it is the natural center of the tremendous bulk freights originating in those States of measureless raw produce. Before the railroads spread their octopus tentacles over the valley and strangled its inland waterways the port value of St. Louis continued to be one of the major causes of the city's growth. The Civil War marked the breaking of the river monopoly. Perhaps the great World War began the breaking of the rail monopoly; freight rates and ever-increasing congestion are helping to break it as the necessities of economical quantity distribution are bringing into serious consideration every available means of cheap transport. There's the river. The river has always been there, but for nearly fifty years big business hasn't been able to see it through the cobwebs of steel rails, clouds of switch-engine steam, and the barriers of box cars; hasn't been able to hear it for the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, and the roar of stock dividends on the market. One of the signs of St. Louis's growth is the resurgence of a living interest in its former river empire, and one of the most hopeful proofs of its common sense is the growing conviction that, not by cut-throat competition between river and rail, but by co-ordinating the two naturally interrelated systems of transportation, are the common carriers to be most permanently supported and the public best served.

The railroads have done well by St. Louis. Twenty-six of them run into its terminals and shuttle their freight around on its belt line. If you should eliminate the river traceries and other detail and color from a map of the United States, these railway systems with their interlocking filaments would make a huge spider's web with St. Louis the center of their radiations. Just as it grew steadily by the river, so more than fifty years ago the city began to grow more rapidly by rail. In 1917, when St. Louis, a community of strong Teutonic cleavage, nevertheless contributed its full quota of men and money to make the world unsafe for Germans, the annual trade of the fur outpost had grown beyond a billion dollars. Never once in all the hundred and fifty years of its growth had St. Louis boomed. Only very recently, catching the contagion of American municipal boosting, has the solid old city begun to sell the rest of the United States, and so much of the rest of the world as lies within earshot, on itself. The corporate limits of the municipality cover 61 square miles. Those limits have not been extended since 1876, nor has there been during these fifty years of growth any annexation of territory or population. Inside its own limits the population of St. Louis amounts now to about three-quarters of a million, and the convention conjurers boost it to the full million by hauling in the surrounding suburban corporations which make up what every ambitious municipality, from Miami to Seattle, calls its "metropolitan area."

The city was named for Louis IV, King of France. The statue of the patron "saint" standing before the Art Museum, on Art Hill in Forest Park

There are two cities of St. Louis, just as there are two distinct Kansas Cities. In both instances of geographical confusion the joint communities, arbitrarily separated by State boundaries, are in economic fact more closely related and interdependent than neighboring cities in the same State. East St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, is joined to the Missouri city by four visible bridges and by a number of invisible ties. One of the best examples of the character of the older city's building comes from a contrast with East St. Louis. While the former continued normally to grow, the latter proceeded abnormally to boom "by leaps and bounds." While East St. Louis "developed" to the tune of a ten per cent annual increase of people, West St. Louis jogged along at a two per cent annual gait. In one period of ten years the Illinois town made a gain of over 108 per cent; during the same period the Missouri town's growth was less than twenty per cent. On the right bank of the stream there has always been as much life, more liberty, and far more provision for the pursuit of happiness. But on the left bank it was possible to make more money more quickly because of the proximity of the largest bituminous coal fields in America and what used to be called the "arbitrary" additional freight rate imposed by the railroads for hauling that coal over the bridges into Missouri. Hence the pyramids—of people. A lot of industrial plants, that might otherwise have established themselves in West St. Louis, found they could save something like twenty cents a ton on fuel by settling down in East St. Louis. Shoe manufacturers located in St. Louis built new factories across the river, and a former president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce was the head of a big steel company whose works contributed heavily to the soft-coal pall hanging over East St. Louis. These gentlemen and others like them swelled their dividends in Illinois, but they kept their offices, played their golf, educated their children, and went to church in old St. Louis, the center of the colorful commonwealth that Winston Churchill put into his novels of the "Crisis" and "The Inside of the Cup."

Growth hasn't been enough for St. Louis. It has started in to build bigness for its own sake. The booming of East St. Louis, just across the river, and ad-

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mittedly dependent upon the older borough in many respects, irked progressive spirits west of the river. They went to work to get that obnoxious "arbitrary" toll taken off the three bridges that did not belong, as the fourth bridge did, to the city, but made extra money for the railroads. They touched the rock of civic pride, and it issued forth $87,000,000 for municipal improvements. They capitalized the universal topic B by organizing an annual "Pageant of Fashion" and "Style Show," and they put their loyal shoulders under the amendment known as "Proposition Number 7," whereby the city and the county of St. Louis are merged for higher population figures "so as to take its proper place among the large cities of the country," and shoved it into the State Constitution. They discovered and sold the idea of direct foreign trade for the valley through the Mississippi jetties into the Gulf of Mexico, and vociferously they joined the heroic rank of "billion-dollar insurance cities." They sent out "good will tourists" to shake the multiple hand of Missouri and announced "the greatest building program in the city's history." The Federal Reserve Bank, the Bell Telephone, the Union Market, the Shell Company, General Motors, and the Western Union are some of the private corporations which have concretely substantiated the last announcement by a combined investment of forty million dollars in big buildings. Then some bright person came along and started the service of package freight-car deliveries out of St. Louis, and another public-serviceable citizen saw the theatrical possibilities of a long hillside sloping up from the wooded banks of the little River des Peres in Forest Park. More than 1,200 cars, loaded with package freight for delivery almost as fast as express, are said to leave St. Louis every night, and every clear evening during the season ten thousand St. Louisians fill the "biggest open-air theater in the world" to hear some hundreds of their fellow-citizens sing for the fun of singing. Undeniably St. Louis is building bigness now with the best of the booming cities.

Let St. Louis tell you about it in the *patois* of the boosters, which breathes only the alpine air of superlatives. This, you must understand, is no one-industry community, like motorized Detroit, oily Shreveport, or the mining camp of Butte. "Approximately 3,500 industries" employ "approximately 175,000 people," they say, and these are some of the things they have done to St. Louis:

It is the leading market *in the world* in hardware, boots and shoes, sugar-mill machinery, woodenware, steel

Most American cities estimate their progress in terms of sky-scrapers. Here is a sample bid by St. Louis: the canyon of Olive Street

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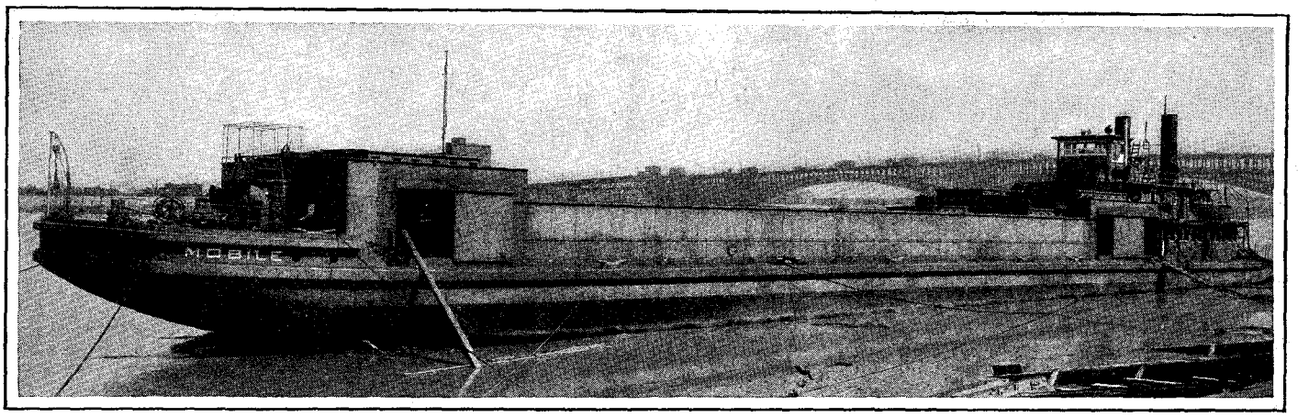

Navigation of the new-type, oil-burning, self-propelling freight barges capable of handling large tows

furnaces, piston rings, barbers' supplies, raw furs, horses and mules, stoves and ranges, and hardwood and pine.

It has the largest individual manufacturing plants *in the world* making shoes, drugs, lead, macaroni, brick, street cars, buggies, tobacco, lightning rods, terra cotta, stoves and ranges, ice-cream cones, and wax novelties.

St. Louis is the largest market in the United States for millinery, lumber, wool, hats, coffins, bags, sashes and doors, trunks, hides, drugs, chemicals, saddlery and harness, carpets and curtains, and open-hearth steel castings.

It has the largest individual manufacturing plant in the United States for the manufacture of cotton and duck, flue cleaners, crushers and pulverizers and hydrogen peroxide.

The piston-rings item, however, seems to have been an understatement, for another, more authoritative, "greater St. Louis" publication clearly proves that the local production of this essential to civilization is "the biggest in the universe."

Supreme in barbers' supplies, mules, macaroni, ice-cream cones, and coffins, St. Louis continues to dominate with its *basso profundo* the middle-continental chorus. But when, if ever, the tumult and the shouting die, perhaps you can distinguish the voices of those three hundred citizens singing without pay on the bank of the River des Peres. And whenever the boosters get out of breath, you will hear old St. Louis, entirely "surrounded by the United States," growing calmly up and onward at the center of many things and thoughts American.

Southern Winter

By BERNICE KENYON

Do not follow me here—there is no sun,
Nor warmth for flowers trying bravely to bloom,
Nor any lightness for the heart, nor one
Moment of peace. . . . There is, for dreams, no room.

The rushing terrible sea is hard as steel;
The clouds make silent tumult thwarting the light.
Do not follow me here, or you will feel
Heavy of heart by day, and lonely at night.

If mornings ever were blue in this queer land,
Or any softness gathered within the gray
Of evening light along the cold pale sand,
I should not tell you then to stay away.

But do not follow me here. The dark waves rise
To long recurrent thunder, heavy and slow.
Near you, in this bleak land where all hope dies,
I should be more alone than I am now.

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After Ten Generations

By SYDNEY FRISSELL

A story of farmers who decided that hanging together was better than being hanged separately

SUDDENLY I came upon it, just as he had written it, "on the left-hand side of the road, five miles out of the village in a big pine grove." A light in the left wing of the school-house caught my eye, and I hurried in, out of the cold and darkness.

Jim Carew, the faithful chairman of the tobacco planters local, and the spirit of Thanksgiving were there before me. In the corners of the room stood sheaves of ripe corn, with pumpkins at their base; on the walls red and yellow leaves camouflaged the blackboards and charts; on the table stood the rarest of the gifts—a golden pumpkin skillfully cut into the shape of a basket and piled high with red apples.

With the fire well kindled and all trash removed, the chairman surveyed the room and appeared well pleased with the manifestation of the approaching holiday. Greeting me, he said: "It was nice in the teacher to fix up for this meeting. She believes in this thing, and wants to help us." I was glad when he said, "She always comes to our meetings," for the charm which had transfigured the bleak school-room and her efforts to put Thanksgiving in the hearts of a discouraged people had interested me and roused my curiosity as to this teacher of the pine-woods school. Huge windows were on three sides of the school-room, and, with neither shades nor curtains, the blackness of the night seemed just over our shoulders, while all within was warm and bright with the trophies of the harvest awaiting the arrival of the harvesters.

The chairman got out his program, excused himself, and went to work. It was easy to see that this was a labor of love on his part. His hands were rough and awkward and his pencil was a stub, but a look at his lean, tanned face and earnest eyes made me wish that our country had a million of his kind. Twice a month he called his faithful few together, endeavoring to build up and hold interest in a movement of the tobacco farmers to catch up with the methods of modern business by marketing their tobacco gradually through an association, instead of rushing it to the markets in competition with one another.

In this same section of Virginia, Ellen Glasgow tells in her last book, "Barren Ground," of the race between a girl and the broom-sedge which kept claiming the worn-out lands and seemed to throttle all hope of a happy future. The same community which she pictured thirty years ago, fighting to build up its lands and clinging to the old homes, is visibly changed to-day. Green clover fields have driven out the broom-sedge in most places, diversified farming has succeeded in covering the red gullies and enlarging the corn shocks. But the Virginians who have learned to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before have found that meager prices too often follow bountiful crops.

Always asking the two questions, "How much will you give me for my tobacco?" and "How much will you take for your goods?" and with no voice in either transaction, the same farmers who have conquered the broom-sedge and built up their worn-out soil still struggle desperately to wrest a living from their lands.

As I watched my friend, the chairman, I was certain that grim knowledge of these facts had driven this man here to-night in the hope of gaining some permanent foothold upon the soil that he loved. He had summoned a few courageous spirits who hoped by their meeting to aid the united effort of neighbor farmers in the tobacco country to gain some voice as to the value of their labor and some share in the profits which come out of their tobacco.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

The old farmhand

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From Robert V. Carr, Bridgeport, Conn.

A SHUFFLING at the door marked the arrival of the first comers. Then more shuffling and more shuffling amid the expiring gasps of Ford cars brought to a sudden stop, and the room was a quarter full.

The teacher, a woman of thirty, with a strong, sweet face and graceful bearing, came in with several of her pupils and mixed among the crowd, bringing smiles to faces and making general conversation easy. Four women besides the teacher were present—one a young bride, I judged from her clothes and plentiful blushes that contrasted with the tired faces and worn dresses of the other three.

Six young girls and boys were on hand, ready, as I learned later, to help with the entertainment. Among the dozen men in the room I noticed that the old-

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est had drawn together in a close circle and were talking seriously and in low tones of tobacco prices and the crop conditions. Considerable chaffing and laughter at the expense of the new bridegroom engaged a younger group, while the women, entirely separate, kept up a rapid fire of neighborhood gossip.

A half-hour passed, and no one else came. The chairman and the teacher exchanged disappointed glances as he went forward to his little table.

The meeting was opened with prayer; not a fulsome plea for everything, but a simple prayer of thanksgiving, with a petition for strength and knowledge to use the talents the Lord had given those who were gathered in his name.

Then the teacher came forward and introduced a quartette of young boys and girls, who sang song after song, among them the "Thanksgiving Hymn:"

> The God of the harvest praise,
> In loud thanksgiving raise
> Heart, hand, and voice.

Next came the slenderest and fairest of the lads, and I wondered how long the land could hold him when I noted the easy grace and diction with which he recited—

> We plow the fields and scatter
> The good seed on the land,
> But it is fed and watered
> By God's almighty hand.
> He sends the snow in winter,
> The warmth to swell the grain,
> The breezes and the sunshine,
> And soft refreshng rains.

Others felt as I did, for there was pride in the seamed faces of the men as they closely followed his lines. I felt it was only a question of time when the city would draw him away from the farm.

Boldly stepping to the front, the next performer, a nine-year-old girl, with flaming cheeks flanked by brown pigtails, breathlessly made her contribution:

> Air a-gittin' cool and coolah,
> Frost a-comin' in de night,
> Hicka-nuts and wa'nuts fallin',
> Possum keepin' out ob sight;
> Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nya'd—
> Nary step so proud ez his.
> Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key,
> You do' know whut time it is.

After this youthful performer had switched herself back to her seat with a flourish, came an annual event, a violin solo from Luther Garner, a noted fiddler of the countryside. This time the appropriate solo was "Turkey in the Straw," and brought down the house with applause.

The chairman rose, cleared his throat, looked long and hard at his people, and asked the question, "Folks, can you stand it if I talk to you again to-night?" Silently I pulled out my note-book, for I not only could stand it but wanted to pass it on, and I give his strange Thanksgiving message:

"We're here to-night for our Thanksgiving meeting. The time has come for us to remember and give thanks to the Lord for the way in which he has blessed us.

"What with the drought and hardly any hay in our barns, what with almost no corn in our cribs and the sorriest crop of tobacco you and I have seen for years, I reckon some are here to-night whose hearts are not so brimful of Thanksgiving as they might be.

"But thanks be to the Lord, who giveth us the victory, we are able to say to-night, not 'What will you give us for our crop?' not 'What will you pay us for our year's work?' but 'Here is a fair price we are asking for our tobacco.'

"You know that when we first signed our contract every one said, 'Oh, well, farmers will never stick together!' But for the three years that thousands of us have stuck together so far, by marketing tobacco through our own association instead of dumping it against one another we have built a wall that protects our homes against the prices that kept us in debt for so many years.

"During three years we have held the price of our tobacco to double what we could get before the war. In those three years, when all that we have bought was twice as high as it used to be, we have seen our corn and our wheat and hogs go back to the same old prices.

"We know now that it pays to organize. We shall have only ourselves to blame if we ever give away our year's work again for prices that mean bare living expenses or debts from losses, while we help the big tobacco companies to pay millions upon millions of dollars in profits and taxes. Don't blame them because they have been organized. They have more sense than we farmers, who have been helplessly beating down one another's profits. Let us blame ourselves and mend our ways.

"Friends, it has been a bitter lesson, but I am thankful to-night for one thing—that we have learned that we must organize if we can ever hope to be better than the poor tenants of the people to whom we have left the job of naming the price of our labor and even the way in which your children and my children shall live. Friends, when you let the other fellow name the price of your year's labor, don't blame him if he names himself prosperous and names you a peasant.

"That word peasant is a strange word here in Virginia, and something that you and I have scarce heard tell about except in those foreign parts where we sent our boys across to fight for democracy; but since they came back it looks like it has been unsafer for democracy among us farmers than ever before.

"This fight here at home has set you and me to reading and thinking like we never did before, and let me tell you that unless we farmers organize to-day like Americans in every other industry, our children who do not leave the farms will become more like peasants than any offspring of the Americans who won and built this country have a right to be.

"So I ask, Where are we heading? And are you doing your part?

"The President of the United States, our Congress and Senate, our Government and State, have all told us that our plan of co-operation in marketing is right. They have given us their approval, and even the laws to protect our marketing contracts.

"But, friends, when the speculators come to you with their money and tell you that you can't afford to wait for the pool to sell your crops, remember that they will gain that money back a hundredfold when the wealth from these poor fields of ours goes out of our country to New York and England, and pays those other folks who have had the sense to organize *our* business for *their* profit.

"If your backs are not too bent by useless labor, if your eyes are not too dimmed by seeking some sign of hope for your children's future, stand by your own organization.

"The time has come when we must decide whether we will sign another contract to market our tobacco crop together for another five years, or go back to our old ways.

"Our leaders and management have made mistakes a-plenty, but they have been honest. They have been loyal to your interests, and I ask you to consider to-night whether you will serve those who share your interests or those who are interested in your share of the profit.

"We have known the slavery of debt, but now, after wandering in the wilderness for so many years, we have won a foothold on economic freedom by our own efforts.

"Let us decide to-night whether we Virginia tobacco farmers, who started the first industry in America but are the last Americans to organize it, shall gain our freedom to earn a decent living or determine once and for all to let the

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broom-straw take our fields and our children after us become the peasants of this country which our fathers settled."

THE chairman slowly moved back into his chair. Tense silence filled the room. For a moment there was only the sound of the oakwood fire within and from without the deep sighing of a rising wind in the swaying branches of the pines. For a moment these people seemed to gaze into the future. Then, rising in a body, they voiced their thanksgiving and sang:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!

Whatever the year's harvest may have lacked, there was no mistaking the spirit of Thanksgiving in the voices of the harvesters.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

St. John Ervine's "Parnell"[1]

A Review by CLARA BELLINGER GREEN

WITH the perspective which over a quarter of a century gives to a biographer, St. John Ervine, a student of Irish affairs and author of "Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Movement," has been able to give a just estimate of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader. He writes that he began the work with a strong prejudice against Parnell, but "ended it with a feeling of deep affection for him."

Singularly enough, Ireland's greatest leader had no Irish blood. But Mr. Ervine points out that the Celtic-Irish distrust their own kind and look for leadership of higher rank. The Parnells were Anglo-Irish—Anglo-Saxons living in Ireland. They were patrician, and Parnell "could claim kinship with a host of lords." So it remained for a man of English descent, an aristocrat and a Protestant, to become master of the Celtic-Irish, for whom Parnell had almost a snobbish distaste. But, like them, he hated the English, a feeling augmented by his American mother, daughter of Commodore Stewart, who had often commanded "Old Ironsides" against the then bitterly hated English. Parnell himself was never a Fenian, and combated his sister Fannie, who contributed to Irish papers fiery poems inflaming her countrymen against the English, and Anna, who founded the Ladies' Land League and, later, roamed up and down the country with her band of fanatical women, inciting violence. To these activities Parnell was forced to put an end in due time.

Parnell, though he abhorred violent measures and outrages, was a fighter and an obstructionist. Proud, cold, even repellent in manner, not generally liked, and with the scant education of a boy who had not taken kindly to books, he had native intellectual power, quick decision, and the tenacity of his race. Public speaking he detested, but he would say in one pregnant sentence what would gain his point and confound his antagonist. Justin McCarthy, when asked to explain Parnell's remarkable rise to power, said: "He had the genius of a commander-in-chief." The same faculty with which, even as a child, he had ruled the Parnell household made him master of the Irish people. Complete obedience from them he always had, but, more than that, he had their adoration. "It is a statement of bare fact to say that the great mass of the Irish people adored Parnell at that time," says Mr. Ervine. He was "the Uncrowned King of Ireland." "He will soon have England as mad as Ireland," exclaimed a bystander, as Parnell once made his way through a crowd of cheering English. Gladstone, who was committed to the self-government of Ireland, was his avowed friend.

Then came the last dramatic events of his life, rushing on to the tragic end, the Phœnix Park murders, in which he was charged with complicity, and the Pigot forgeries—letters purporting to be written by Parnell admitting knowledge of the crime, but actually forged by Richard Pigot for a goodly sum of money. The whole plot was exposed and Parnell cleared.

What followed is hard to read. The O'Shea divorce, naming Parnell as co-respondent, naturally came as a shock to both Ireland and England. Yet he seemed by sheer force of character to be in a way to surmount even this disaster;

[1] Parnell. By St. John Ervine. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

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throughout he was still to the Irish "our dear chief," but, overwrought and ill, reckless of his health, working ceaselessly, he succumbed to a breakdown, on October 6, 1891. In the previous June he had married Mrs. O'Shea.

"The news of his death stirred England and stunned Ireland." He had worked for the unity of Ireland, and he held together the body of the Irish until his death, when they fell apart. And so it will remain, thinks the biographer, "until another chieftain comes, as Parnell came, and beats the Irish into a unity that will endure."

Fiction

ST. HELIOS. By Anna Robeson Burr. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

A full-bodied novel, not skimped in characters or incident. It holds its own from start to finish. One only regrets that Mrs. Burr forgot to tell us that the despicable villain was hanged. Perhaps in England it is axiomatic that a wicked murderer is always hanged, but Americans would like to know for sure that the wretch who brained the noble St. Helios with an antique battle-ax met his doom. True, he aimed at the putative hero, but we could have better spared the hero than the nobleman. Lord Heriot, to give "St. Helios" his actual name, is a fine creation—a survival of the early Victorian age—poet, diplomat, and so delightfully patrician as to suppose that as Ambassador to Washington it would be all right to bring a famous *danseuse* with him. That ended his diplomatic career; but years after we find the daughter of the dancer acting as the noble lord's private secretary, and society is puzzled to know whether she *is* his daughter or what. The situation between St. Helios and the young lady is a singular one and is well handled; we rejoice that in the end (just before the battle-ax incident) St. Helios wakes up to the fact that the girl deserves something more fatherly than a job, fully recognizes her as his daughter, and, what is better, gives her an estate in America so that she may wed the somewhat wooden American hero. A good story, well told.

COOMBE ST. MARY'S. By Maud Diver. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The English landed aristocracy is a vanishing class; its stately mansions and noble woods are slipping into the hands of parvenu and profiteer, its broad acres are being broken up into real estate "projects." This story is a look backward in honor of the fine traits of the old régime. The interest centers around a charming and gentle girl on whom falls the burden of being lady of the manor. Her love for the old place is joined to a

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feeling that its farmers and workers are part of her life and responsibility and she flashes into a fight for their defense. Mrs. Diver writes sympathetically and in notably excellent English diction. There is a pleasing love story and half a dozen well-depicted characters.

THE HEART OF KATIE O'DOONE. By Leroy Scott. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

This is an Irish companion piece to Anna Yezierska's Jewish "Breadgivers." Each is a moving record of a girl's success. The Jewish girl, Sara, started as an East Side New York drudge and made herself a teacher; Mr. Scott's Katie starts as a child washerwoman and ends as a Broadway star. The Jewish book has greater fire and power; the Irish tale more sentiment.

THE EMIGRANTS. By Johan Bojer. The Century Company, New York. $2.

We like this best of at least half a dozen recent stories about early days in the West. Mr. Bojer first makes us know his emigrants as they lived in their Norwegian village, then he moves them to America in a neighborhood group by a natural and simple device—a returned emigrant tolls them along with him when he goes back. They settle and struggle along together in North Dakota, fighting fires, cold, and illness, always Norwegian in heart and yet gradually becoming stalwart Americans. The little colony grows and prospers. Such people, brave and steadfast, are not easily downed. They make good citizens. The narrative is simple, true to life, cheerful and hopeful in tone. The translation is well done.

SNOW RUBIES. By "Ganpat." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The Anglo-Indian author takes his typical sporting Englishman and lovely girl, who is also a good sport, into a wild country in North India. They find a snow-clad plateau where ruby mines were worked centuries ago by slaves for their armored conquerors. The armored men have gone (except one or two preserved in ice), the plateau has been long cut off from the world, but the mines and the descendants of the slaves are there. Did the English sportsmen and sports lady get any rubies?

Children's Books

TONY SARG'S WONDER ZOO. Greenberg, New York. $1.

There are three picture books this year by Tony Sarg: his "Wonder Zoo," his "Animal Book," and "The Jungle Man and His Animals." The text for the last is by Carveth Wells; for the others, Mr. Sarg is both writer and illustrator. The "Wonder Zoo" is the slightest of them all, but it contains fine pictures of his rollicking rabbits, his delicious ducks, his lovely lions, and, best of all, his elegant elephants and magnificent mice.

The picture on this page, in which an elephant is courteously acting as shower-bath for a mouse and his friends, shows that Mr. Sarg understands why elephants always treat mice with great respect. They remember those old days, of which the Chinese sages write, when things were reversed, and mice were the mighty lords of all the animals, the great earth-shaking rulers of the beasts. And elephants were very diminutive and very pretty—much admired by everybody, except when they scampered about in too great numbers upon pantry shelves.

Science

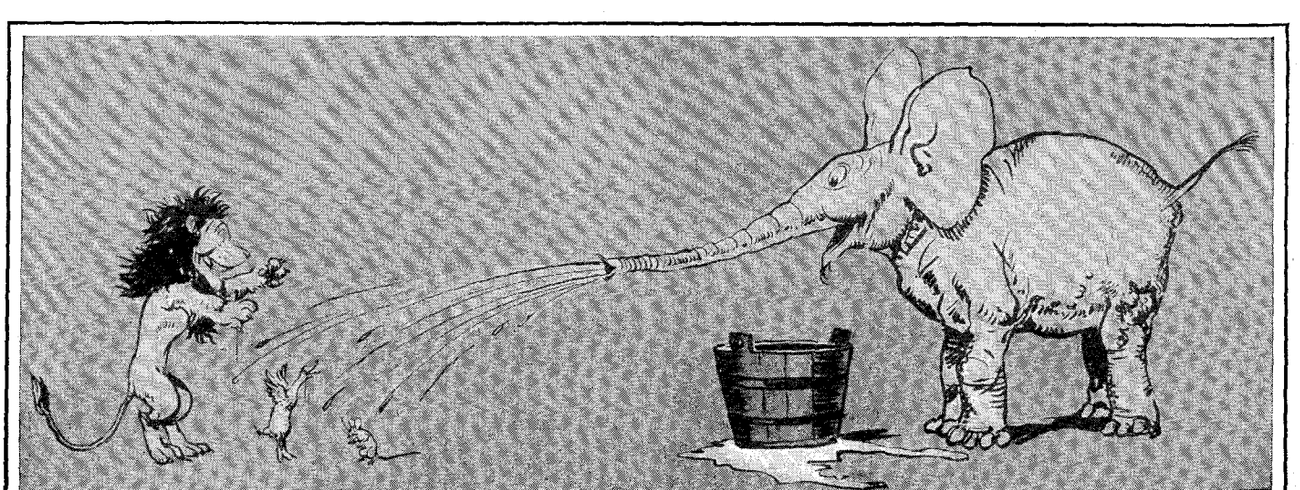
THE HEALING GODS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION. By Walter Addison Jayne, M.D. The Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. $5.

Dr. Jayne has made a compilation of the religious lore of ancient Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Greece, Rome, and the Celtic lands as it affected medical practice. The connection between healing and formalistic religion, now almost anachronistic, was in pagan ages very close indeed. For every ill there was a particular god or goddess to invoke, and the hygienic practices of many primitive peoples were, as in the case of the Jews, imposed on the score of religious precept. The Romans borrowed from the Greeks many of their healing deities, notably Æsculapius. Apollo also was adopted by the Romans and invoked as early as 433 B.C. to stay a pestilence. The Greeks early recognized the influence of music over certain diseases. Hence Orpheus was revered as a divine physician whose incantations appeased the wrath of offended deities. The appended bibliography gives evidence of a thorough examination of all available sources, including the celebrated Papyrus Edwin Smith at the New York Historical Museum (also mentioned in the text), of which Professor Breasted is making a complete translation. A book that will engage the interest primarily of philological and archæological students and physicians with an inclination to study the obscure origins of their profession.

Travel and Description

BEYOND KHYBER PASS. By Lowell Thomas. Illustrated by Photographs by Harry A. Chase and the Author. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Thomas, who has shown in his previous work, "With Lawrence in Arabia," a genuine knowledge of the East, enriches the pages of his new book with an immense amount of information gathered from a very wide territory. Khyber Pass lies between India and Afghan territory. "It is the most famous and the most strongly fortified mountain gorge on earth, at the far end of which is the sign proclaiming that here travelers must turn back because 'It is Absolutely Forbidden to Cross This Border into Afghan Territory.'" But Mr. Thomas was not turned back, for he came with an authority that could not be disregarded, and he found ample opportunity to study the land, the people, their many customs, and their Oriental point of view. One gathers from his account that the present



From "Tony Sarg's Wonder Zoo." Courtesy of Greenberg, Publishers.

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Amir, or ruler, is a man of more liberal and modern ideas than his predecessor, and that some of his innovations have even found favor with the veiled inmates of the harems, who have possibly been aware of the achievements of their sisters of the Western world. It is impossible within the brief limits of this review to convey an adequate idea of what the author has to say. The best one can do is to repeat a few anecdotes that throw a light on Eastern schools of thought. The philosopher to whom the author tried to explain the difference between the British and American people replied: "There is no difference. You would fill our country with machines and smoke, make slaves equal to their masters, and destroy true religion. Not you, my friend, but the destiny behind you." A sniper, who from his hiding-place among the rocks had picked off many British soldiers, was finally killed by a young Afghan militiaman, for the sake of the reward offered by the British commander. Complimented on his achievement, he replied, nonchalantly: "I had no trouble in finding him, because I knew all his little ways. He was my father." The book is especially valuable because of the glimpses it affords of a country and people practically unknown to the Western world.

WANDERINGS. By Clayton Hamilton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5.

The slightness of these agreeable brief sketches of travel here and there, but chiefly in Europe, is acknowledged in a disarming preface by their author. They were written at different times during twenty years, and are finally put together and published for three reasons—and for plenty of weightier books there are less reasonable reasons: to clear a closet, to get them off Mr. Hamilton's mind, to dedicate them to his wife, and for the pleasure of having them quite charmingly illustrated by his friend, the artist, Mr. Ernest Piexotto.

Sociology

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By Franklin H. Giddings. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. $2.

Professor Giddings charges that our social workers and our uplift organizations do not know what results they are getting, and by what methods they are getting them, in the same rigorous sense in which a well-managed business corporation knows what it is getting out of its personnel, its machines, and its methods. This charge is illustrated by the professor's cross-examination of an active worker in "an organization of wide reach, which devotes itself to the religious and moral guardianship of young men." The

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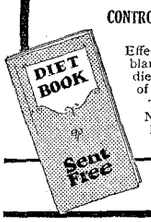

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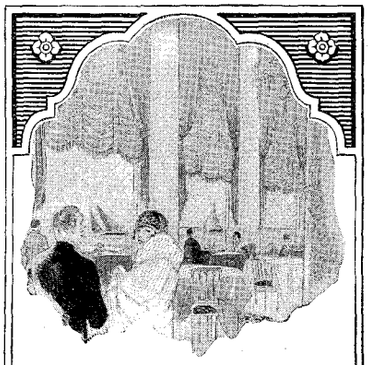

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reader will probably surmise that this is an organization of four letters, the first of which is next to the last in the alphabe and the last the first. At any rate, the affair went as follows: The uplifter read a seminar paper on the "program" which the association attempts to carry out. It appeared that four great lines of work had been projected and are being followed out. Young men are being made physically "fit;" they are being intellectually "developed;" their religious life is being "deepened;" and they are being trained to "service." The uplifter was asked to describe the methods of checking up, and was unable to do so.

The sociologist appears rather severe on the reports made by the churches and neighborhood houses, for he claims that their reports are a flotsam of unverified assertions, uncritical impressions, and optimistic forecasts, made, not to establish a fact, but to wheedle money for more loose work of the same kind. Judging from such things, the author asserts that, as far as he knows, there is no record of a strictly scientific societal experiment carried through on a large scale. Tentative and partial experiments have been made in workshops and in schools and by a few intelligently managed corporations, industrial or philanthropic. The lesson here is that if physicists and chemists, biologists and psychologists, astronomers and geologists, are tirelessly repeating their observations and measurements of presumptive fact, social psychologists and sociologists must get the habit.

OPIUM AS AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM. By W. W. Willoughby. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. $4.50.

This is a very full unofficial report on the work of the two Opium Conferences recently held in Geneva. The author (Professor of Political Science at the Johns Hopkins University) served the Chinese delegation at those Conferences as counselor and expert. He has "attempted to incorporate in this volume all the information needed for an accurate understanding of the subject;" and he has succeeded. He "hopes therefore that it will serve as a guide or handbook to all those who may need to know the situation;" the hope is justified. A thoroughly workmanlike job. Printed among the appendices are the conventions, etc., of the First and Second Opium Conferences.

Religion

REBEL SAINTS. By Mary Agnes Best. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

"Rebel Saints" affords romantic reading of a high order. It is a fascinating history of the Quakers, not only as an individual sect, but as a collection of characters who from George Fox to Thomas Lurting were each one *sui generis*. In the ironical episode of William Penn committed unjustly to a debtors' prison in his old age, in the cruel story of the Callow family exiled for years on sailing vessels that were turned back from every port, flares up an indomitable spirit that suffered long and was the true precursor of pacifism. It is well for this generation, unaware of the spiritual properties of such a folk except as it encountered them in the Great War, to have this record. It opens our eyes to the fact that, far from being merely a meek and mild assemblage that sat silent in worship, the Quakers were among the most valiant of the world's pioneers and fighters in the cause of toleration. They called men "brothers" to some purpose. The author says: "Compared with the primitive Quakers, the I. W. W. in the oil fields of Oklahoma led a sheltered and protected life. Far from being drab, their lives were lurid. They reached out toward danger as plants toward the sun. They trekked the world."

Politics and Government

TEN YEARS AFTER. By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

The book is in four parts, respectively entitled "The World War," "The Uncertain Peace," "The Present Perils," and "The Hope Ahead." The best of these is "The World War," an excellent swift survey, in the ten years' perspective, of the main features of the struggle. The second and third parts are very good journalese, but deal only superficially and not always justly with the complicated matters discussed; one feels that the author is not a master of economic problems. Sir Philip tries to end on a note of optimism, but, so trying, is not convincing. A readable and in parts stimulating book, but of ephemeral quality.

Miscellaneous

FROM A PITMAN'S NOTE BOOK. By Roger Dataller. The Dial Press, New York. $2.50.

Dataller, or day-taler, is a provincial English term for day laborer, with some special meaning among miners, we gather from its use in this book. Pseudonym or not, it serves well a writer whose people have been coal miners for many generations. "No mediæval parchment has our name, no cunning fingers traced our lineaments, or gave us awkward life upon the old-time screed. And yet we are not upstart here. Our roots are deeply driven in the earth; and all we are and all we have is of the soil—how intimate you who do not know the mine can never guess. Three hundred years and more

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my horny-handed forebears were wrestling with the coal."

The passage, a little emotional, a little over-literate, gives the tone of the book. It is the utterance of a "toiler" acutely self-conscious and class-conscious, equally æsthetic and humanitarian in his impulses, and a profound believer in that sublime paradox, the superiority of the average man—"workingman," of course. When the diarist calls his record "a human plea," he means a plea not for nationalization or class legislation, but for recognition. He wants to have the collier, like the soldier and the sailor, given credit for his human virtues, his fidelity, his courage, his prodigies of effort, his frequent heroism. And the book finds its motto in H. M. Tomlinson's "The Pit Mouth:" "The common people! Greatness is as common as that!"

Notes on New Books

SOCIAL CLASSES IN POST-WAR EUROPE. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

NEW ASPECTS OF POLITICS. By Charles E. Merriam. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.50.

By the Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago.

ECONOMIC LIBERALISM. By Jacob H. Hollander. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.50.

Liberalism as applied to prices, taxation, trade-unionism, and other economic subjects.

THE MISTY FLATS. By Helen Woodbury. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A novel about a girl's life in New England.

THE LAST MESSAGE OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. Foreword by Mrs. Bryan. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

Written after the end of the Dayton trial.

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By D. H. Lawrence. The Oxford University Press, New York. $1.50.

You would never guess to look at this school text-book that the author was the famous novelist who wrote "Sons and Lovers" and other works.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By Mrs. Arnold Bennett. The Adelphi Company, New York. $2.

A biographical sketch of the author by his wife.

THE HOME AND SCHOOL IDEA IN EDUCATION. By Raymond E. Manchester. The Collegiate Press, Menasha, Wisconsin.

A RANDOM RECORD OF TRAVEL DURING FIFTY YEARS. By William Dudley Foulke. The Oxford University Press, New York. $2.50.

Recollections of travel in all parts of the world.

BILL PORTER. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author, Pasadena, California.

An interesting contribution to the literature about O. Henry. This is a drama about O. Henry's experiences in prison.

AMERICAN BEGINNINGS IN EUROPE. By Wilbur Fisk Gordy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.12.

A school text-book.

THE FAITH, THE FALSITY, THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Woodbridge Riley, Frederick W. Peabody, and Charles E. Humiston. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $3.50.

One of those rare books which attack Christian Science. A frank life of Mrs. Eddy, written a number of years ago, has disappeared, but the official biography, a nice coat of whitewash, is easily obtainable.

THE PENCILED FROWN. By James Gray. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

A novel about a dramatic critic in a modern American city.

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By the Way

STATISTICS tell us that the number of American house servants have declined from 25,337 per million of population in 1870 to 16,285 in 1920, a drop of 36 per cent. This may partially explain to housewives the soaring wages of domestic help. Also that the number of farmers has fallen off 25 per cent per million of population in fifty years; that iron and steel workers have multiplied by 558 per cent and office help by 1,285 per cent; that less than five per cent of the students who enroll and pay part of their fees in correspondence schools ever finish their course; and that while you were reading this Henry Ford made ten dollars.

The Baltimore "Sun" claims that there was once a man who went through his desk and knew why he had saved all the papers he found there.

News of the week contains the following gems: Gerald Chapman, master crook, disagrees with President Coolidge on the ethics of the use of the reprieve. . . . Of the $15,000 which was paid to "Red" Grange for his first professional football game, $8,250 went to his manager, Charles Pyle. It is said that Pyle's contract calls for fifty-five per cent of all Grange's earnings. . . . B. G. Burt, of Jamestown, New York, adds another non-stop record by playing the piano continuously for 52 hours and 20 minutes. . . . George Bernard Shaw declares that in an idealistic Socialist state the standard day would be four hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and four hours for drinking, dressing, undressing, and a little resting. That would leave eight hours for leisure. . . . A New York State college football star was arrested for smuggling twenty quarts of liquor into Williams College and attempting to sell it there. In defense he said that he had to support his wife and defray the costs of his education so that he might keep his amateur standing in college football.

"Placing the blame," always ends the controversy if you place the blame on yourself.

You have often heard of "sucker lists," those compilations of names and addresses which irregular stock promoters and their ilk pay high prices for, in order to canvas these supposed "easy marks" for their get-rich-quick schemes. It is now rumored, with some reason, that the radio is being made the prey for these list seekers. A Mid-Western radio station is reported to have received 27,000 letters through a single request. We all know how the announcers continually request letters or post-cards. No doubt the greater part of this is legitimate business, but it is reported that several announcers have been approached with offers of large bribes if they will disclose the names and addresses for these "sucker lists."

Domestic science as put in verse by the "Farm Journal:"

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma!
I'm going to make a pie.
For dad will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gram of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat.
And if the electric oven is cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as dad comes home.

A syndicated story purporting to expose the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant as a "fixed" affair has been running daily in newspapers all over the country. The story claims that Earl Carroll, of musical revue fame, had arranged beforehand that one of his chorus girls was to get the prize. Carroll phoned to the source of the syndicated story and described himself as a friendly enemy and said that he would sue for libel and named $500,000 as the figure. He was immediately told that unless he made it a million he couldn't expect it to reach the front pages—so a million it is.

The recollections of Thomas R. Marshall contain this tale of the country justice of the peace who, after hearing the counsel for the plaintiff, refused to let the other counsel speak, insisting that the plaintiff had won. But when the counsel for the defense insisted upon being heard, the justice said: "Well, don't that beat the dickens? Now you win."

From "Life:"

The place where you turned into the lane when bringing home the cows has been rented for a barbecue. Just across the way a company has leased ground from grandpa for a filling station. The wood lot is a camp for tin-can tourists. The old homestead is an antique shop. The pasture is a golf course. Grandpa is a Floridian. The only familiar thing about the old farm is the mortgage.

Answer to last week's riddle: "Prelate."

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For Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, and Miscellaneous Advertisements see next page

In writing to the above advertisers, please mention The Outlook

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TEACHER for nervous or epileptic child; well fitted. 1012 Clarendon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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WANTED, by woman of refinement, position as housekeeper-companion to lady living alone or semi-invalid. Capable housekeeper and cook, cheerful disposition. References exchanged. Box 1, Hampton, Va.

WANTED—Nurse-companion wants permanent position—care elderly person or invalid. Moderate salary. References furnished. 6,581, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TRAINED nurse, graduate of Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, will take a limited number of infants and small children in her country home. Individual care given. Six years' experience. Rates reasonable. References exchanged. Elizabeth T. Gordon, R. N., Mountainville, N. Y.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY—Woman of refinement, college graduate, will assume in her own home in California the entire care of a healthy child between the ages of one and three. References exchanged. For further particulars enquire of Sherman & Peters, Attorneys, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Finger of Evolution

By Bill Adams

THE mail man has just been here, and is on his way up the street whistling a hymn tune. He sings in the choir of a Sunday and whistles and hums all week; an every-day sort of fellow, who, unaware of the magic in a post-mark, brings to my door winds of America and of the world. To-day there is a pretty yellow check from an editor, and I try to visualize the office in which the letters were formed. Perhaps the writer had a flower in his buttonhole. Perhaps he had a sick child at home and was waiting eagerly for quitting time. Perhaps he had a toothache. I wonder, and, as though imbued with life, the figures look up at me. "Go along now, and buy your winter wood," they say, "and don't forget to be grateful. Many better men than you are sleeping in ditches." Very grateful I am. Life's adventure makes one humble.

I was humbled yesterday also. As from far up the street came the mail-carrier's whistling, there was a rap at my door. A little shriveled man asked if he might have a cup of coffee.

> (So let your gate swing open,
> However poor the yard,
> Lest weary people visit you
> And find the passage barred.)

My stranger laid his blanket roll down under the honeysuckle and entered. He was thin-haired, had but two or three teeth, and wore an intimidated look. I do not like to see any of my fellow-men intimidated. He was an itinerant laborer, and is "past the age limit." The age limit, after which big construction camps and so forth do not take one on, is forty-five. So that, unless one has been hale and husky all summer, winter becomes a dread. I also am past the age limit.

The day before yesterday, too, there came a stranger to my door. I supposed him to be an agent, or one of those determined and somewhat comical people who once a week leave tucked under the handle a pamphlet which assures me that "millions now living will never die." As though mere death matters so greatly! But he proved to be a missionary, lately come from seventeen years in China, and sent to my door by a friend. We had what sailors call a "gam," discussing the weather, the experiences and courses of our voyage. He spoke of the people of the Orient as of his own people, just as, to him, the Galilean is of his own people. He is one of the great denominations, but has risen above sectarianism. Denominations, as such, do not interest him much. His religion is the brotherhood of man.

We talked of Fundamentalism and of evolution; of the long stairway from the gloom of doubt, from the darkness of mistrust, from the shadows of discordancy, toward the ladder-head and light that is our goal. When he arrived, I was reading an article, written by an admiral, upon battleships, cruisers, and great guns. When he left, I sat wondering through how many more centuries mankind must struggle up the stairway.

We look toward the Orient, and speak of the "problem of the Pacific." Looking toward our shore, the people of the Orient whisper also of the "problem of the Pacific." It seems to the missionary and to me that there is but one true Fundamentalism—reverence for mankind. The finger of the evolutionist points in the same direction—toward the light at the head of our stairway.

Contributors' Gallery

JOHN R. McQUIGG, National Commander of the American Legion, has been serving the organization in important capacities since its inception seven years ago. He was the first Commander of the Engineers Post of Cleveland, a delegate to the first department Convention in 1919, and also to the first National Convention. His military record is equally distinguished. He served in the Spanish-American War; went to the Mexican border in 1916, and in 1917, shortly after war was declared, he was commissioned a full colonel of the 112th Engineers.

CLARA BELLINGER GREEN, who has often contributed book reviews to The Outlook's Book Table, is a New Yorker, although she was educated in New England and has for several years made her home in Boston.

SYDNEY FRISSELL in his story in this week's issue describes the plight in which the Virginia tobacco farmer finds himself as the last American to organize his industry. Mr. Frissell writes:

> Since my first article on this subject (co-operative marketing movement) appeared in the "Review of Reviews" four years ago, the co-operative movement has gained tremendous momentum in the South, more than 97,000 farmers in the tobacco association alone having marketed 480,000,000 pounds of tobacco, thereby maintaining a decent price for their labor by using modern methods of big business.

Sydney Frissell is secretary of the organization of tobacco growers described in his article.

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